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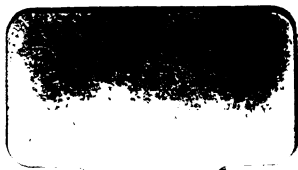
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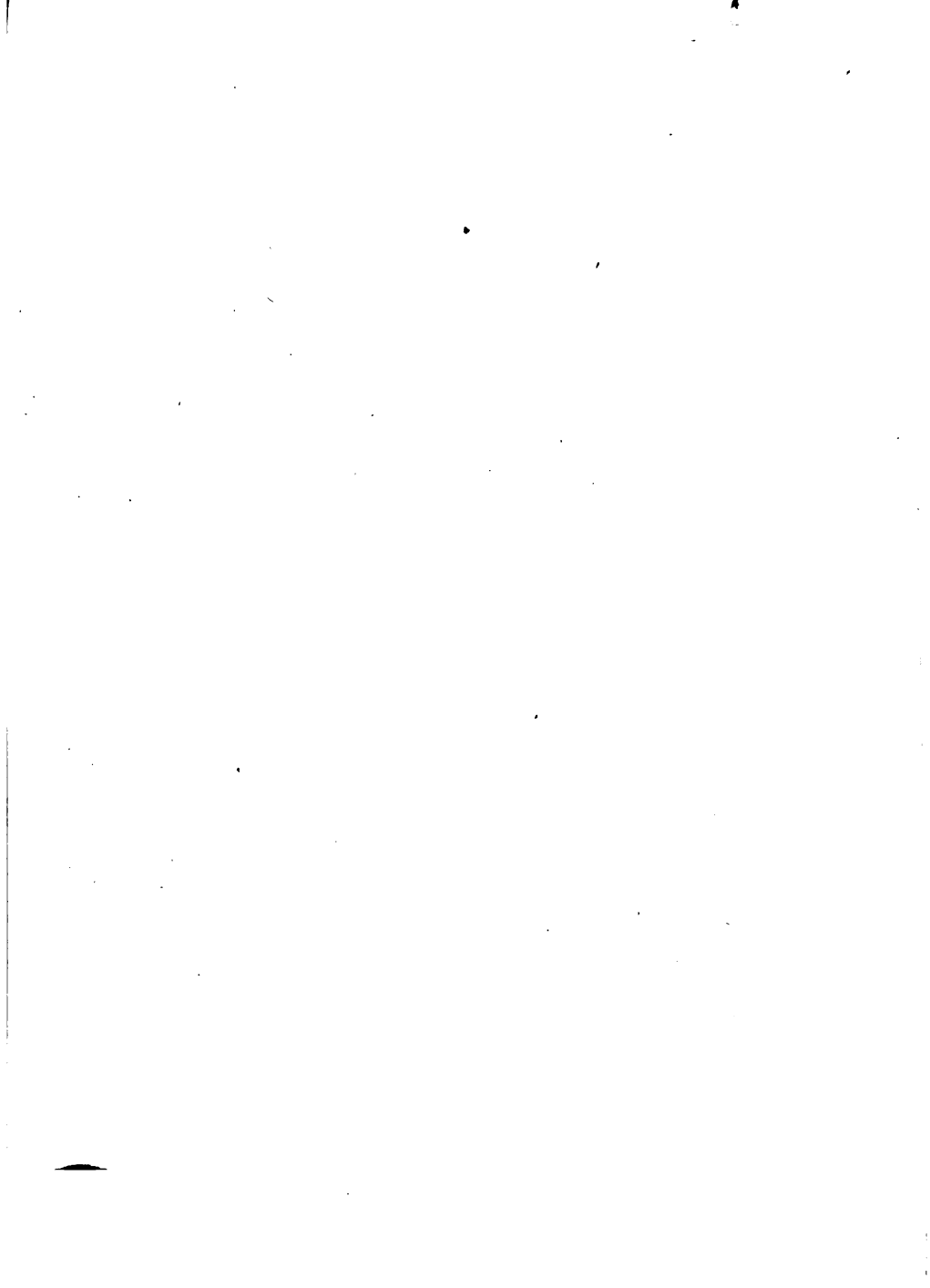


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CHILD CLASSICS

THE SIXTH READER

By

GEORGIA ALEXANDER

AND

GRACE ALEXANDER



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PREFACE

With a view to confirming the high and catholic literary taste which the earlier readers in this series have sought to inspire, the selections in the *Child Classics Sixth Reader* have been chosen to give a comprehensive and varied survey of the world's literature. Biography, history, the drama, the lyric, the long narrative poem, the short story, the novel, have all been drawn upon in the effort to acquaint the pupils with each of the great literary forms, and to represent each form by a masterpiece. The method of arrangement in the preceding books, in alternating prose and poetry and serious selections with humorous ones, has been followed again, thus insuring variety and the consequent steady interest of the pupils. Careful attention has been given also to grading the selections, both in difficulty of thought and in form, to the advanced grades for which the book is intended.

Realizing the need of advanced pupils for the literary and dramatic values obtained only by the study of sustained literary achievements, *The Sixth Reader* presents a group of the great literary units of decided length, such as *Enoch Arden*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Deserted Village*. And in order that these units may yield their full measure of educational training and poetic beauty, they are given in their entirety and in texts that conform to the most authoritative editions.

The notes appended for study are unusually full, being designed not only to explain obscurities and allusions in the selections themselves, but to further the pupils' interest in the author and his other work. Questions, especially prepared for the help of teachers in leading pupils to a clear understanding of what they read and a

PREFACE

richer appreciation of it, also appear in this volume. The suggestions to teachers have been made unusually full and concrete in the desire to throw increased light on the teaching of this, the most important subject in the school curriculum. A list of books for home reading is included, not only for the direction of the child and the guidance of the teacher, but also to obtain the cooperation of parents in fixing in habit the taste for good literature created by the reader itself.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made to Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company for permission to use, from *Dreams in Homespun*, "The House by the Side of the Road," by Sam Walter Foss; to Dodd, Mead and Company for "Washington's Inauguration," from Schouler's *History of the United States*; to D. Appleton & Company for "The Snow-Shower," by William Cullen Bryant, and to Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Song of the Camp," by Bayard Taylor.

G. A.

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Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SIXTH READER

RIP VAN WINKLE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.]

THE STORY

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the

rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home; a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked these matters over in their eve-

ning gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run errands, and to do such odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would go astray; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, until there was little

more left than a patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had as much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind; he shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped

to the ground, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener from constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a portrait of his majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to hear the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased he would in-

hale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and

there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the

knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance;

he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlors of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twit-

tering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon. "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying beside him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up by the wild grapevines that twisted their tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the

cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented an impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; but he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none of whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed. “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many

a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six and other words which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were,

into Rip's very soul, demanded in an austere tone "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king—God bless him!" Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses

of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three. “Oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

“God knows!” exclaimed he, at his wit’s end; “I’m not myself—I’m somebody else; that’s me yonder—no, that’s somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain—and they’ve changed my gun—and everything’s changed—and I’m changed—and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “Hush, Rip,” cried she; “hush, the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

“What is your name, my good woman?” asked he. “Judith Gardenier.”—“And your father’s name?”—“Ah, the poor man! his name was Rip Van Winkle; it’s twenty years since he went

away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him. But whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"—"Oh, she, too, died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk; who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once,

and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to work at anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor—how there had been

a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England; and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George III, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins: and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.—The foregoing tale one would suspect had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick der Rothbart and the Kypphauser Mountain: the subjoined

note, however, which he appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. D. K."

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. Displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of a web, and when these clouds broke, woe betide the village.

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces. The stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of Kaaterskill.

From *The Sketch Book*.

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

From *Intimations of Immortality*.—WORDSWORTH.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

THE SIXTH READER

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

A MOUNTAIN HUNT

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR.

The camp was full of the newly-cut lodge-poles; some, already prepared, were stacked together, white and glistening, to dry and harden in the sun; others were lying on the ground, and the squaws, the boys, and even some of the warriors were busily at work peeling off the bark and paring them with their knives to the proper dimensions. Most of the hides obtained at the last camp were dressed and scraped thin enough for use, and many of the squaws were engaged in fitting them together and sewing them with sinews, to form the coverings for the lodges. Men were wandering among the bushes that lined the brook along the margin of the camp, cutting sticks of red willow, or *shongsasha*, the bark of which, mixed with tobacco, they use for smoking. Reynal's squaw was hard at work with her awl and buffalo sinews upon her lodge, while her proprietor, having just finished an enormous breakfast of meat, was smoking a social pipe along with Raymond and myself. He proposed at length that we should go out on a hunt. "Go to the Big Crow's lodge," said he, "and get your rifle. I'll bet the gray Wyandotte pony against your mare that we start an elk or a black-tailed deer, or likely as not, a bighorn, before we are two miles out of camp. I'll take my squaw's old yellow horse; you can't whip her more than four miles an hour, but she is as good for the mountains as a mule."

I mounted the black mule which Raymond usually rode. She was a very fine and powerful animal, gentle and manageable enough by nature; but of late her temper had been soured by misfortune.

About a week before I had chanced to offend some one of the Indians, who, out of revenge, went secretly into the meadow and gave her a severe stab in the haunch with his knife. The wound, though partially healed, still galled her extremely, and made her even more perverse and obstinate than the rest of her species.

The morning was a glorious one, and I was in better health than I had been at any time for the last two months. Though a strong frame and well compacted sinews had borne me through hitherto, it was long since I had been in a condition to feel the exhilaration of the fresh mountain wind and the gay sunshine that brightened the crags and trees. We left the little valley and ascended a rocky hollow in the mountain. Very soon we were out of sight of the camp, and of every living thing, man, beast, bird, or insect. I had never before, except on foot, passed over such execrable ground, and I desire never to repeat the experiment. The black mule grew indignant, and even the redoubtable yellow horse stumbled every moment, and kept groaning to himself as he cut his feet and legs among the sharp rocks.

It was a scene of silence and desolation. Little was visible except beetling crags and the bare shingly sides of the mountains, relieved by scarcely a trace of vegetation. At length, however, we came upon a forest tract, and had no sooner done so than we heartily wished ourselves back among the rocks again; for we were on a steep descent, among trees so thick that we could see scarcely a rod in any direction.

If one is anxious to place himself in a situation where the hazardous and the ludicrous are combined in about equal proportions, let him get upon a vicious mule, with a snaffle bit, and try to drive her through the woods down a slope of 45° . Let him have on a long rifle, a buckskin frock with long fringes, and a head of long hair. These latter appendages will be caught every moment and twitched away in small portions by the twigs, which will

also whip him smartly across the face, while the large branches above thump him on the head. His mule, if she be a true one, will alternately stop short and dive violently forward, and his positions upon her back will be somewhat diversified and extraordinary. At one time he will clasp her affectionately, to avoid the blow of a bough overhead; at another, he will throw himself back and fling his knee forward against the side of her neck, to keep it from being crushed between the rough bark of a tree and the equally unyielding ribs of the animal herself. Reynal was cursing incessantly during the whole way down. Neither of us had the remotest idea where we were going; and though I have seen rough riding, I shall always retain an evil recollection of that five minutes' scramble.

At last we left our troubles behind us, emerging into the channel of a brook that circled along the foot of the descent; and here, turning joyfully to the left, we rode in luxury and ease over the white pebbles and the rippling water, shaded from the glaring sun by an overarching green transparency. These halcyon moments were of short duration. The friendly brook, turning sharply to one side, went brawling and foaming down the rocky hill into an abyss, which, as far as we could discern, had no bottom; so once more we betook ourselves to the detested woods. When next we came forth from their dancing shadow and sunlight, we found ourselves standing in the broad glare of day, on a high jutting point of the mountain. Before us stretched a long, wide, desert valley, winding away far amid the mountains. No civilized eye but mine had ever looked upon that virgin waste. Reynal was gazing intently; he began to speak at last:

"Many a time, when I was with the Indians, I have been hunting for gold all through the Black Hills. There's plenty of it here: you may be certain of that. I have dreamed about it fifty times, and I never dreamed yet but that it came out true. Look over yonder at those black rocks piled up against that other big rock.

Doesn't it look as if there might be something there? It won't do for a white man to be rummaging too much about these mountains; the Indians say they are full of bad spirits; and I believe myself that it's no good luck to be hunting about here after gold. Well, for all that, I would like to have one of these fellows up here, from down below, to go about with his witch-hazel rod, and I'll guarantee that it would not be long before he would light on a gold mine. Never mind; we'll let the gold alone for to-day. Look at those trees down below us in the hollow; we'll go down there, and I reckon we'll get a black-tailed deer."

But Reynal's predictions were not verified. We passed mountain after mountain, and valley after valley; we explored deep ravines; yet still to my companion's vexation and evident surprise, no game could be found. So, in the absence of better, we resolved to go out on the plains and look for an antelope. With this view we began to pass down a narrow valley, the bottom of which was covered with the stiff wild-sage bushes and marked with deep paths, made by the buffalo, who, for some inexplicable reason, are accustomed to penetrate, in their long grave processions, deep among the gorges of these sterile mountains.

Reynal's eye was ranging incessantly among the rocks and along the edges of the black precipices, in hopes of discovering the mountain sheep peering down upon us in fancied security from their giddy elevation. Nothing was visible for some time. At length we both detected something in motion near the foot of one of the mountains, and in a moment afterward a black-tailed deer, with his spreading antlers, stood gazing at us from the top of a rock, and then, slowly turning away, disappeared behind it. In an instant Reynal was out of his saddle, and running toward the spot. I, being too weak to follow, sat holding his horse and waiting the result. I lost sight of him, then heard the report of his rifle deadened among the rocks, and finally saw him reappear, with a surly

look that plainly betrayed his ill success. Again we moved forward down the long valley, when soon after we came full upon what seemed a wide and very shallow ditch, incrustated at the bottom with white clay, dried and cracked in the sun. Under this fair outside, Reynal's eye detected the signs of lurking mischief. He called me to stop, and then alighting, picked up a stone and threw it into the ditch. To my utter amazement it fell with a dull splash, breaking at once through the thin crust, and spattering round the hole a yellowish creamy fluid, into which it sank and disappeared. A stick, five or six feet long, lay on the ground, and with this we sounded the insidious abyss close to its edge. It was just possible to touch the bottom. Places like this are numerous among the Rocky Mountains. The buffalo, in his blind and heedless walk, often plunges into them unawares. Down he sinks; one snort of terror, one convulsive struggle, and the slime calmly flows above his shaggy head, the languid undulations of its sleek and placid surface alone betraying how the powerful monster writhes in his death-throes below.

We found after some trouble a point where we could pass the abyss, and now the valley began to open upon the plains which spread to the horizon before us. On one of their distant swells we discerned three or four black specks, which Reynal pronounced to be buffalo.

"Come," said he, "we must get one of them. My squaw wants more sinews to finish her lodge with, and I want some glue myself."

He immediately put the yellow horse to such a gallop as he was capable of executing, while I set spurs to the mule, who soon far outran her plebeian rival. When we had galloped a mile or more, a large rabbit, by ill luck, sprang up just under the feet of the mule, who bounded violently aside in full career. Weakened as I was, I was flung forcibly to the ground, and my rifle, falling close to my

head, went off with the shock. Its sharp, spiteful report rang for some moments in my ear. Being slightly stunned, I lay for an instant motionless, and Reynal, supposing me to be shot, rode up and began to curse the mule. Soon recovering myself, I rose, picked up the rifle and anxiously examined it. It was badly injured. The stock was cracked, and the main screw broken, so that the lock had to be tied in its place with a string; yet happily it was not rendered totally unserviceable. I wiped it out, reloaded it, and handing it to Reynal, who meanwhile had caught the mule and led her up to me, I mounted again. No sooner had I done so, than the brute began to rear and plunge with extreme violence; but being now well prepared for her, and free from incumbrance, I soon reduced her to submission. Then taking the rifle again from Reynal, we galloped forward as before.

We were now free of the mountain and riding far out on the broad prairie. The buffalo were still some two miles in advance of us. When we came near them, we stopped where a gentle swell of the plain concealed us from their view, and while I held his horse Reynal ran forward with his rifle, till I lost sight of him beyond the rising ground. A few minutes elapsed; I heard the report of his piece, and saw the buffalo running away at full speed on the right, and immediately after, the hunter himself, unsuccessful as before, came up and mounted his horse in excessive ill-humor. He cursed the Black Hills and the buffalo, swore that he was a good hunter, which indeed was true, and that he had never been out before among those mountains without killing two or three deer at least.

We now turned toward the distant encampment. As we rode along, antelope in considerable numbers were flying lightly in all directions over the plain, but not one of them would stand and be shot at. When we reached the foot of the mountain ridge that lay between us and the village, we were too impatient to take the

smooth and circuitous route; so turning short to the left, we drove our wearied animals directly upward among the rocks. Still more antelope were leaping about among these flinty hillsides. Each of us shot at one, though from a great distance, and each missed his mark. At length we reached the summit of the last ridge. Looking down, we saw the bustling camp in the valley at our feet, and ingloriously descended to it. As we rode among the lodges, the Indians looked in vain for the fresh meat that should have hung behind our saddles, and the squaws uttered various suppressed ejaculations, to the great indignation of Reynal. Our mortification was increased when we rode up to his lodge. Here we saw his young Indian relative, the Hail-Storm, his light graceful figure reclining on the ground in an easy attitude, while with his friend the Rabbit, who sat by his side, he was making an abundant meal from a wooden bowl of *wasna*, which the squaw had placed between them. Near him lay the fresh skin of a female elk, which he had just killed among the mountains, only a mile or two from the camp. No doubt the boy's heart was elated with triumph, but he betrayed no sign of it. He even seemed totally unconscious of our approach, and his handsome face had all the tranquillity of Indian self-control; a self-control which prevents the exhibition of emotion, without restraining the emotion itself. It was about two months since I had known the Hail-Storm, and within that time his character had remarkably developed. When I first saw him, he was just emerging from the habits and feelings of the boy into the ambition of the hunter and warrior. He had lately killed his first deer, and this had excited his aspirations after distinction. Since that time he had been continually in search of game, and no young hunter in the village had been so active or so fortunate as he. It will perhaps be remembered how fearlessly he attacked the buffalo bull, as we were moving toward our camp at the Medicine-Bow Mountain. All this success had produced a marked change in his character. As I first

remembered him he always shunned the society of the young squaws, and was extremely bashful and sheepish in their presence; but now, in the confidence of his own reputation, he began to assume the airs and the arts of a man of gallantry. He wore his red blanket dashingly over his left shoulder, painted his cheeks every day with vermilion, and hung pendants of shells in his ears. If I observed aright, he met with very good success in his new pursuits; still the Hail-Storm had much to accomplish before he attained the full standing of a warrior. Gallantly as he began to bear himself among the women and girls, he still was timid and abashed in the presence of the chiefs and old men; for he had never yet killed a man, or stricken the dead body of an enemy in battle. I have no doubt that the handsome smooth-faced boy burned with a keen desire to flesh his maiden scalping-knife, and I would not have encamped alone with him without watching his movements with a distrustful eye.

His elder brother, the Horse, was of a different character. He was nothing but a lazy dandy. He knew very well how to hunt, but preferred to live by the hunting of others. He had no appetite for distinction, and the Hail-Storm, though a few years younger than he, already surpassed him in reputation. He had a dark and ugly face, and he passed a great part of his time in adorning it with vermilion, and contemplating it by means of a little pocket looking-glass which I gave him. As for the rest of the day, he divided it between eating and sleeping, and sitting in the sun on the outside of a lodge. Here he would remain for hour after hour, arrayed in all his finery, with an old dragoon's sword in his hand, and evidently flattering himself that he was the center of attraction to the eyes of the surrounding squaws. Yet he sat looking straight forward with a face of the utmost gravity, as if wrapped in profound meditation, and it was only by the occasional sidelong glances which he shot at his supposed admirers that one could detect the true course of his thoughts.

Both he and his brother may represent a class in the Indian community: neither should the Hail-Storm's friend, the Rabbit, be passed by without notice. The Hail-Storm and he were inseparable: they ate, slept, and hunted together, and shared with one another almost all that they possessed. If there be anything that deserves to be called romantic in the Indian character, it is to be sought for in friendships such as this, which are quite common among many of the prairie tribes.

Slowly, hour after hour, that weary afternoon dragged away. I lay in Reynal's lodge, overcome by the listless torpor that pervaded the whole encampment. The day's work was finished, or if it were not, the inhabitants had resolved not to finish it at all, and all were dozing quietly within the shelter of the lodges. A profound lethargy, the very spirit of indolence, seemed to have sunk upon the village. Now and then I could hear the low laughter of some girl from within a neighboring lodge, or the small shrill voices of a few restless children, who alone were moving in the deserted area. The spirit of the place infected me; I could not even think consecutively; I was fit only for musing and reverie, when at last, like the rest, I fell asleep.

When evening came and the fires were lighted round the lodges, a select family circle convened in the neighborhood of Reynal's domicile. It was composed entirely of his squaw's relatives, a mean and ignoble clan, among whom none but the Hail-Storm held forth any promise of future distinction. Even his prospects were rendered not a little dubious by the character of the family, less however from any principle of the aristocratic distinction than from the want of powerful supporters to assist him in his undertakings, and help to avenge his quarrels. Raymond and I sat down along with them. There were eight or ten men gathered around the fire, together with about as many women, old and young, some of whom were tolerably good-looking. As the pipe passed round among the

men, a lively conversation went forward, more merry than delicate, and at length two or three of the elder women (for the girls were somewhat diffident and bashful) began to assail Raymond with various pungent witticisms. Some of the men took part, and an old squaw concluded by bestowing on him a ludicrous nickname, at which a general laugh followed at his expense. Raymond grinned and giggled, and made several futile attempts at repartee. Knowing the impolicy and even danger of suffering myself to be placed in a ludicrous light among the Indians, I maintained a rigid inflexible countenance, and wholly escaped their sallies.

In the morning I found, to my great disgust, that the camp was to retain its position for another day. I dreaded its languor and monotony, and to escape it, I set out to explore the surrounding mountains. I was accompanied by a faithful friend, my rifle, the only friend indeed on whose prompt assistance in time of trouble I could implicitly rely. Most of the Indians in the village, it is true, professed good-will toward the whites, but the experience of others and my own observation had taught me the extreme folly of confidence, and the utter impossibility of foreseeing to what sudden acts the strange unbridled impulses of an Indian may urge him. When among this people danger is never so near as when you are unprepared for it, never so remote as when you are armed and on the alert to meet it any moment. Nothing offers so strong a temptation to their ferocious instincts as the appearance of timidity, weakness, or security.

Many deep and gloomy gorges, choked with trees and bushes, opened from the sides of the hills, which were shaggy with forests wherever the rocks permitted vegetation to spring. A great number of Indians were stalking along the edges of the woods, and boys were whooping and laughing on the mountain-sides, practising eye and hand, and indulging their destructive propensities by following birds and small animals and killing them with their little

bows and arrows. There was one glen, stretching up between steep cliffs far into the bosom of the mountain. I began to ascend along its bottom, pushing my way onward among the rocks, trees, and bushes that obstructed it. A slender thread of water trickled along its center, which since issuing from the heart of its native rock could scarcely have been warmed or gladdened by a ray of sunshine. After advancing for some time, I conceived myself to be entirely alone; but coming to a part of the glen in a great measure free of trees and undergrowth, I saw at some distance the black head and red shoulders of an Indian among the bushes above. The reader need not prepare himself for a startling adventure, for I have none to relate. The head and shoulders belonged to Mene-Seela, my best friend in the village. As I had approached noiselessly with my moccasined feet, the old man was quite unconscious of my presence; and turning to a point where I could gain an unobstructed view of him, I saw him seated alone, immovable as a statue, among the rocks and trees. His face was turned upward, and his eyes seemed riveted on a pine tree springing from a cleft in the precipice above. The crest of the pine was swaying to and fro in the wind, and its long limbs waved slowly up and down, as if the tree had life. Looking for a while at the old man, I was satisfied that he was engaged in an act of worship or prayer, or communion of some kind with a supernatural being. I longed to penetrate his thoughts, but I could do nothing more than conjecture and speculate. I knew that though the intellect of an Indian can embrace the idea of an all-wise, all-powerful Spirit, the supreme Ruler of the universe, yet his mind will not always ascend into communion with a being that seems to him so vast, remote, and incomprehensible; and when danger threatens, when his hopes are broken, when the black wing of sorrow overshadows him, he is prone to turn for relief to some inferior agency, less removed from the ordinary scope of his faculties. He has a guardian spirit, on whom he relies for succor and guidance. To

him all nature is instinct with mystic influence. Among those mountains not a wild beast was prowling, a bird singing, or a leaf fluttering, that might not tend to direct his destiny or give warning of what was in store for him; and he watches the world of nature around him as the astrologer watches the stars. So closely is he linked with it that his guardian spirit, no unsubstantial creation of the fancy, is usually embodied in the form of some living thing—a bear, a wolf, an eagle, or a serpent; and Mene-Seela, as he gazed intently on the old pine tree, might believe it to inshrine the fancied guide and protector of his life.

Whatever was passing in the mind of the old man, it was no part of sense or of delicacy to disturb him. Silently retracing my footsteps, I descended the glen until I came to a point where I could climb the steep precipices that shut it in, and gain the side of the mountain. Looking up, I saw a tall peak rising among the woods. Something impelled me to climb; I had not felt for many a day such strength and elasticity of limb. An hour and a half of slow and often intermitted labor brought me to the very summit; and emerging from the dark shadows of the rocks and pines, I stepped forth in the light, and walking along the sunny verge of a precipice, seated myself on its extreme point. Looking between the mountain peaks to the westward, the pale blue prairie was stretching to the farthest horizon like a serene and tranquil ocean. The surrounding mountains were in themselves sufficiently striking and impressive, but this contrast gave redoubled effect to their stern features.

From The Oregon Trail.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA

"So soft, so clear, yet in so sweet a note.
It seemed the music melted in her spirit."

Zealously watching, with a practised professional eye, every opportunity to cater to the ever-varying tastes of a pleasure loving public, Mr. Barnum, the "prince of showmen," conceived the felicitous idea of inviting the renowned Swedish songstress, Jenny Lind, whose praise filled the wide world as that of a very divinity, to enter into an engagement with him to visit the United States, on a prolonged musical tour, under his managing auspices; and for this enterprising design, the accomplished showman in due time brought successfully about,—its consummation forming one of the most brilliant, joyous, and exhilarating episodes, viewed from whatever aspect, in the experience of the American nation,—an outburst of sunny excitement and delight, all over the land, at the presence of that transcendent musical genius, that wonderful vocal prodigy, of modern times.

But before proceeding to the details of this splendid and triumphant tour, some account of the distinguished songstress, in respect to her fascinating personal history and previous public career, will be in place,—derived and condensed from authentic sources, presenting as it does, such peculiar points of interest.

The "Swedish nightingale"—the "divine Jenny,"—as she came to be called, as her powers of song were developed, was born at Stockholm, in 1821. Her taste for music was indicated while yet in her third year. At nine or ten, her parents, who were in reduced

circumstances, suffered her to go upon the stage, where her success in juvenile characters was astonishing. But when she had reached her twelfth year, after receiving instruction from some of the first music masters, she lost her voice. Loving music for its own sake, the "nightingale" was bitterly afflicted at this calamity, the more especially as her voice had become a source of comfortable existence. At sixteen, however, it returned, to her infinite joy, under the following peculiar circumstances.

At a concert, in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* had been announced, it was suddenly discovered that a singer to take the part of Alice was wanting. A short solo being all that Alice has to sing in this act, none of the professionals was found desirous of undertaking the part. So trifling a part, her teacher thought, would not be marred, even by Jenny Lind, and accordingly she was intrusted with the execution of the insignificant solo. As, from the most arid spot in the desert, water, sparkling and fresh, will sometimes gush forth, so broke out, on this occasion, the rich fountain of song which had so long been latent in the humble and hitherto silent nightingale. Her voice returned with all its pristine sweetness, and with more than its early power, and the most overwhelming applause followed the unexpected discovery of this mine of melody.

All doubt as to her lyrical excellence was now gone, and toward the winter of 1839, she made her first appearance on the stage as a singer in the character of Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*. Her exquisite singing, and her acting, abounding in point and originality, created a deep sensation. She won new laurels by her presentation of Alice, in the spring of 1839, and fully established her fame by her subsequent performance of Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She afterwards visited Paris, to receive lessons from Garcia, the father and instructor of the ill-fated Madame Malibran,—a vocalist who, like Jenny Lind, carried with her the hearts of her audience.

The reception which that eminent composer gave her was, at first, rather discouraging. After hearing her sing, he said—

“My dear young lady, you have no voice; you have had a voice, and will lose it; you have been singing too early or too much, and your voice is worn to ruin. I can not instruct you—I can not give you any hope at present. Sing not a note for three months, and then see me again.”

This counsel she followed, and when she reappeared before Garcia, he thought there was some hope for her, and gave her the instructions which she coveted; but it is remarkable that Garcia should never have had sufficient penetration to discover the innate genius. Soon after this, she made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, whose discrimination was more searching. A rehearsal was given, with full orchestra, at the grand opera, where the performance of Jenny Lind so gratified the composer, that he at once offered her an engagement at Berlin.

At the close of 1842, she returned to Stockholm, where her popularity continued to increase. Her fame, however, extending beyond the limits of Sweden, she was induced to make a professional visit to Germany, where public opinion confirmed that high estimate of her ability which had been sanctioned at home.

But it was in England, that her success first touched the marvelous and sublime; and there it was that the tribute appropriated by Shakespeare to one of his beautiful creations,—“She sings like one immortal”—became fact, applied to the Swedish nightingale. Her Majesty’s theater was the first arena of her triumphs in England, Queen Victoria, by her presence on the opening night, offering her a flattering and graceful tribute. On the evening of May fifth, she made her first essay before an English audience, in the character of Alice. The uproar excited by her appearance on this occasion was tremendous. The whole crowded mass displayed an astounding power of lungs, and hats and handkerchiefs waved from all parts.

People came prepared to admire, but they admired beyond the extent of their preparation. The delicious quality of the performance—the rich, gushing notes, were something entirely new and fresh. The auditors did not know what to make of it. They heard singers over and over again; but there that wondrous thing—a new sensation—was actually created. The sustained notes swelling with full richness, and fading down to the softest piano, without losing one iota of their quality, being delicious when loud, delicate when whispered, which dwelt in the public ear and reposed in the public heart,—these were the wonder-exciting phenomena. The impression made as an actress was no less profound; and even in Vienna, the most exacting critics applauded her performance of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, in Donizetti's renowned opera, as they did also in other cities.

On returning to Stockholm, in 1848, she entered into an engagement with the royal opera, to give a series of concerts. On the evening of her first performance, the newspapers of the city published a note signed by the renowned cantatrice, in which she stated that, in order to give her native country a souvenir that might last beyond her existence as an artist, she had determined on devoting the whole profits of her performance to the establishment of a school for poor young persons of both sexes, born with happy dispositions, in which they should be gratuitously taught music and dramatic art. This generosity excited to the wildest pitch the public enthusiasm, and on the time arriving for the sale of tickets for the next day, the place was densely crowded. This state of things continued to increase, until about eleven o'clock, when the multitude was such that the police interfered, and made the people form *en queue*. This was accomplished quietly enough; but a little after midnight, a compact mass of people suddenly made an eruption from the neighboring streets, rushed on the said queue, broke it, and besieged the théâtre. The first crowd now returned, attacked their aggressors,

and in a few minutes a desperate fist and foot combat ensued. The police proved unavailing, and several detachments of infantry arrived; these also were formidably opposed, and only with great trouble did they succeed in keeping order. Tickets were paid for as high as one hundred dollars. And thus it was, indeed, in all the cities where the great melodist held forth in her discourse of song,—the favor shown her increasing and accumulating with her progress from place to place. And, certainly, all this success and fame was as much a matter of surprise to herself as to anybody else; for, even in 1845, remarking on her intended performance in Copenhagen, at which city she had just arrived, she said, with characteristic modesty—

“I have never made my appearance out of Sweden. Everybody in my own land is so affectionate and loving to me. If I made my appearance here, and should be hissed! I dare not venture on it.”

But the persuasions of Boumonville, the ballet-master, eventually prevailed, and gained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment they ever had. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs. They were so peculiar and so bewitching, that, uttered by such a purely feminine being, their sway was absolutely enrapturing. Her singing was a new revelation in the realm of art. The fresh young voice found its way into every heart. In her truth and nature reigned; everything was full of meaning and intelligence. She was the first artist to whom the Danish students gave a serenade. Torches blazed around the villa, when the serenade was given, and she appeared and expressed her thanks by singing one of her native songs; after which, she was observed to hasten back into the darkest corner of the room and weep.

In the history of the opera, her advent marked a new and striking epoch. She showed the art in all its sanctity. Miss Bremer, writing to Hans Andersen, said: “We are both of us agreed as to Jenny Lind as a singer. She stands as high as any artist of our time can

well stand. But as yet you do not know her in her real greatness. Speak to her of her art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind. Her countenance is lighted with inspiration. Converse with her upon God, and of the holiness of religion, tears will spring from those innocent eyes. She is a great artist, but she is still greater in the humanity of her existence." Indeed, according to Andersen himself, who was familiar with the indoor life of the winsome Swede, nothing could lessen the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage, save her personal character in her own home. Her intelligent and child-like disposition exercised there a singular power; and there she was happy, belonging no longer to the world. Yet she loved art with her whole soul. She felt her vocation. Her noble and pious disposition could not be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only, says Andersen, did she express, in his hearing, her joy and self-consciousness in her talent, and this occurred as follows: She heard of a society, the object of which was to encourage the rescue of unfortunate children from the hands of their parents, by whom they were compelled to beg or steal, and place them in better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually for their support, yet the means for this excellent purpose were but small. "I have an evening disengaged," said Jenny Lind; "I will give a performance for these poor children, but we must have double prices." Such a performance was given and returned large proceeds. When she heard the amount, her countenance lit up, and tears filled her eyes. "It is, however, beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so."

Having performed in almost all the principal cities and towns in Europe, to vast crowds who were almost frantic in their demonstrations of delight, as well as in the presence of almost every crowned head on the continent, winning their admiring homage, and gaining a fame as wide as the world and as bright and pure as the stars, Jenny Lind's inclination appeared to be to retire, at least for a

while, on the conclusion of her engagement in England, to the tranquillity of home life.

It was at this point in her wonderful career, that Mr. Barnum, through his specially commissioned agent, proposed the most liberal and honorable terms to Jenny Lind, to give a series of concerts in the United States. The proposals made by Mr. Barnum were so generous, and characterized by such delicate and gentlemanly consideration, in every respect, that notwithstanding several persons were likewise attempting, at the same time, to negotiate with her for an American tour, she unhesitatingly decided to treat with Mr. Barnum, who was, on his own bidding, to assume all the responsibility, and take the entire management and chances of the result upon himself. The manner in which that sagacious and accomplished gentleman carried on an enterprise of such magnitude,—nearly one hundred concerts, in all parts of the land, from Boston to Louisiana, and involving more than seven hundred thousand dollars in total receipts,—was a monument alike to his genius and to his superlative executive abilities;—a statement, the truth of which will be found abundantly confirmed in the history of this enterprise, as written by Mr. Barnum himself, and from which some of the facts and incidents given below are collated.

On Wednesday morning, August twenty-first, 1850, Jenny Lind and her two professional companions, Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, sailed from Liverpool in the steamer *Atlantic*. It was expected that the steamer would arrive on Sunday, September first, but, determined to meet the songstress on her arrival, whenever it might be, Mr. Barnum went to Staten Island on Saturday night, to be in readiness to greet the fair stranger. A few minutes before twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, the *Atlantic* hove in sight, and immediately afterwards, Mr. Barnum was on board the ship, and had taken Jenny Lind by the hand. After a few moments' conversation, she asked him—

"When and where have you heard me sing?"

"I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before in my life," replied Mr. Barnum.

"How is it possible that you dared risk so much money on a person whom you never heard sing?" she asked in surprise.

"I risked it," answered Mr. Barnum, "on your reputation, which in musical matters I would rather trust than my own judgment."

Thousands of persons covered the shipping and piers, and other thousands congregated on the wharf, to see her, the wildest enthusiasm prevailing as the noble steamer approached the dock. So great was the rush on a sloop near the steamer's berth, that one man, in his zeal to obtain a good view, accidentally tumbled overboard amid the shouts of those near him. Jenny witnessed this incident, and was much alarmed. He was, however, soon rescued. A superb bower of green trees, decorated with beautiful flags, was arranged upon the wharf, together with two triumphal arches; upon one of the latter was inscribed, "Welcome, Jenny Lind!" and the other, surmounted by the American eagle, bore the inscription, "Welcome to America!" Jenny Lind was escorted to Mr. Barnum's private carriage at once. The rest of the musical party entered the carriage, and, mounting the box at the driver's side, Mr. Barnum directed him to the Irving House. As a few of the citizens had probably seen Mr. Barnum before, his presence on the outside of the carriage aided those who filled the windows and sidewalks along the whole route in coming to the conclusion that Jenny Lind had arrived; and a reference to the journals of that day will show, that seldom before had there been such enthusiasm in the city of New York, or indeed in America.

Within ten minutes after their arrival at the Irving House, not fewer than ten thousand persons had congregated around the entrance in Broadway. At twelve o'clock that night, Jenny Lind was serenaded by the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering on

that occasion two hundred musicians. They were escorted to the Irving House by about three hundred firemen in their red shirts, bearing torches. At least twenty thousand persons were present. The calls for Jenny Lind were so vehement, that Mr. Barnum led her through a window to the balcony; and now, the loud cheers from the throng lasted several minutes, before the serenade was permitted again to proceed.

For weeks afterward, the excitement was unabated. Her rooms were thronged by visitors, including the magnates of the land, both in church and state, and the carriages of the *beau monde* were to be seen in front of her hotel, at all fashionable hours. Presents of all sorts were showered upon her. Milliners, mantua-makers, and shopkeepers, vied with each other in calling her attention to their wares, of which they sent her many valuable specimens, delighted if in return they could receive her autograph in acknowledgment. Songs, quadrilles, and polkas, were dedicated to her, and poets wrote in her praise. There were Jenny Lind gloves, Jenny Lind bonnets, Jenny Lind riding hats, Jenny Lind shawls, mantillas, robes, chairs, sofas, pianos—in fact, everything was “Jenny Lind.” Her movements were constantly watched, and the moment her carriage appeared at the door, it was surrounded by multitudes, eager to catch a glimpse of the fair “nightingale.”

Jenny Lind's first concert was fixed to come off at Castle Garden, Wednesday evening, September eleventh, and most of the tickets were sold at auction on the previous Saturday and Monday. The first ticket was purchased at two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The arrangements of the concert room were very complete. The great parterre and gallery of Castle Garden were divided by imaginary lines into four compartments, each of which was designated by a lamp of peculiar color. The tickets were printed in colors corresponding with the location which the holders were to occupy, and there were one hundred ushers, with rosettes, and bearing wands

tipped with ribbons of the same hue; and though five thousand persons were present, their entrance was marked by the most perfect order and quiet.

The reception of Jenny Lind on this her first appearance, in point of enthusiasm, was probably never before equaled in the world. As Mr. Benedict led her toward the footlights, the entire audience rose to their feet and welcomed her with three cheers, accompanied by the waving of thousands of hats and handkerchiefs, and the casting of bouquets before her. This was by far the largest audience that Jenny Lind had ever sung in the presence of. She was evidently much agitated, but the orchestra commenced, and before she had sung a dozen notes of the *Casta Diva*, she began to recover her self-possession, and long before the scene was concluded, she was calm as if sitting in her own drawing-room. Toward the last portion of the cavatina, the audience were so completely carried away by their feelings, that the remainder of the aria was drowned in a perfect tempest of acclamation. Enthusiasm had been wrought to its highest pitch, but the musical powers of Jenny Lind exceeded all the brilliant anticipations which had been formed, and her triumph was complete. At the conclusion of the concert, Jenny Lind was loudly called for, and was obliged to appear three times before the audience could be satisfied. They then called vociferously for "Barnum," who reluctantly responded to their demands; and, on his concluding by saying that the whole proceeds of the concert were to go to charitable objects, it seemed as though the audience would go frantic with applause.

From New York, Jenny Lind went to Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,—to all the chief cities in the Union, east, west, north, and south; vast audiences everywhere awaiting her,—municipal, musical, and other deputations, tendering their honors,—and during every performance, there was a constant succession of hurrahs, encores, and other demonstrations of

intense delight. In Boston, the highest price paid for a ticket was six hundred and twenty-five dollars; in Providence, six hundred and fifty dollars; in New Orleans, two hundred and forty dollars; in Philadelphia, six hundred and twenty-five dollars; in St. Louis, one hundred and fifty dollars; in Baltimore, one hundred dollars.

It was in one of the beautiful environs of Boston, that Jenny took her first outdoor walk in America. Her love for the charms of nature was always intense, as the following incident which occurred on another occasion, as related by a stage-driver, will show. A bird of brilliant plumage perched itself on a tree near, as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, Jenny gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched its head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains, that set the echoes flying; whereupon the bird took it up, and sang and trilled and sang, till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-caroled the "Swedish nightingale."

Jenny Lind's generosity was unbounded. To say nothing of her numerous heavy benefactions to societies and individuals—amounting to some fifty thousand dollars, during her brief stay in America,—here is an illustration of her sweet tenderness. One night, while giving concerts in Boston, a girl approaching the ticket-office, remarked, "There goes half a month's earnings, but I am determined to hear Jenny Lind sing." Her secretary heard the remark, and in a few minutes afterward, coming into Jenny's room, he laughingly related to her the circumstance. "Would you know the girl again?" asked Jenny, with an earnest look. Upon receiving an affirmative

reply, she placed a twenty-dollar gold coin on his hand, and said, "Poor girl, give her that, with my best compliments."

While in the same city, a poor Swedish girl, a domestic in a family at Roxbury, called on Jenny. Jenny detained her visitor several hours, talking about home and other matters, and in the evening took her in her carriage to the concert, gave her a seat, and sent her back to Roxbury in a carriage at the close of the performance. Doubtless the poor girl carried with her substantial evidences of her countrywoman's bounty.

On the morning after her arrival at Washington, President Filmore called, and left his card, Jenny being out. She returned his call the next day, and subsequently, by presidential request, passed an evening at the White House, in the private circle of the president's family.

Both concerts in Washington were attended by the president and his family and every member of the cabinet. It happened that, on the day of one of these concerts, several members of the cabinet and Senate were dining with the Russian minister, whose good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert had progressed quite far when Webster, Crittenden, and others, came in. Whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these dignitaries were received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with *Hail Columbia*. At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over. He could stand it no longer, and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous voice to the chorus. Mrs. Webster who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing; but it was no use. At the close of each verse, Webster joined in; and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience was the most delighted.

At the close of the air, Mr. Webster arose, hat in hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, sweetly blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Jenny Lind re-courtesied, the house re-applauded; and this was repeated several times.

And so, in the case of Mr. Clay. Scarcely had the overture been half played through, than a murmur was heard from the end of the building. It was hushed instantly, and the overture was played to its close. And now burst out a long and loud shout of applause. For a moment, Benedict, the conductor, looked around, somewhat astonished. He, however, saw immediately that this applause had not been called forth by the orchestra. The tall, slim, thin figure of an aged man—with a grayish blue eye, vivid and sparkling, and a capacious, broad mouth—was slowly advancing up the room. It was Henry Clay. As he moved on, the shouts and applause redoubled. He, bowing on every side, continued his path feebly, and somewhat cautiously. At length he reached his seat, and the applause ceased for a moment. Then a voice at the upper end of the hall cried out, "Three cheers for Harry Clay!" The building almost rocked with the vehemence of the response.

While in Washington, Jenny Lind was called on by hosts of the eminent men of the land, including Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, General Cass, Colonel Benton. And, indeed, wherever she went, from one end of the country to the other, the same scene presented itself, of distinguished honors to this Divinity of Song,—admiring and enthusiastic communities turning out to welcome,—and crowded audiences rapturous under the overpowering enchantment of her voice. Jenny Lind's net avails of the ninety-five concerts given by her under Mr. Barnum's auspices, in the short space of eight months, were little short of \$177,000, or nearly double the amount, per con-

cert, named in their original contract. Subsequently, she gave a few concerts on her own account. In February, 1852, she was married in Boston, to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a young German composer and pianist, who had studied music with her in that country, and who played several times in her American concerts. Shortly after her marriage, they left for Europe. Her professional tour in America was far more brilliant and successful than that of any other performer, male or female, musical, theatrical, or operatic, who ever appeared before an American audience.

Describing Jenny Lind's voice scientifically, it should be spoken of as a soprano, embracing a register of two and a half octaves. Clear and powerful, susceptible of the greatest variety of intonation, it met all the demands of the composer with the greatest facility to its possessor. No difficulties appalled her; a perfect musician, she suffered herself to revel in all the roulades of which the time and occasion admitted. Her upper notes filled the vastest area with an effect to which nothing but the striking of a fine-toned bell could be compared, while her most gentle and subdued passages were audible at the greatest distances. In a word, there was a rare combination of qualities which raised her above all other singers ever heard. Her voice—sweet, powerful, mellow, resonant, faultless in tone, and full of sympathetic emotion; her execution—ready and facile; her manner—earnest not only in the expression of every word, but in her looks, her air, her abstraction from every surrounding object;—to have seen and heard this, even once, was, in the language of one who had been thus favored, “a treat to last until we go to Heaven, where, and where alone, such music can be heard.”

The sun set; but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up.

From *Character*.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in the house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the ardor of hope,
And the men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height,
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night;
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like one that dwells alone.

So, let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in the house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people. I like to see that we can not be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out-of-doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

From *Gifts*.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION

BY JAMES SCHOULER

In New York City, at two in the afternoon, one pleasant Thursday in April, a large concourse of people, assembled at the Battery and neighboring wharves, were gazing with strained eyes down the bay. Holiday tokens appeared on every hand. The vessels in the harbor, prominent among which were the ship *North Carolina* and a Spanish packet, the *Galveston*, lay at anchor, their colors dancing in the breeze. The American flag was displayed from the fort, from old Federal Hall (where now stands the United States custom-house), and from various state and municipal buildings. Stores and dwelling-houses along the line of Wall and Queen Streets flaunted streamers, mottoes, and various patriotic emblems. The crowd was greatest near the foot of Wall Street; here humanity surged and scarcely a window was ungraced by feminine faces, sharing the general expression of happy expectation. The stairs at the landing-place of Murray's wharf had been carpeted, and the rails were hung with crimson. Between this wharf and Wall Street was a coffee-house, at which waited Governor Clinton and his military staff, with various other dignitaries. Militia companies, dragoons, and grenadiers, in bright uniforms, with their bands of music, rested in easy negligence along the sidewalks, chatting with the multitude and waiting the order of attention. Shining carriages were drawn up next the wharf. Mounted aids clattered back and forth, bearing messages.

Presently a puff of smoke came from the *Galveston*, followed by a loud report. At the same instant, with her yards well manned,

she ran up and displayed the colors of all nations. Thirteen guns mouthed a response from the Battery. And now could be seen rounding the Spanish packet seven barges, manned by crews dressed in white, the handsomest of them pulled by twelve master pilots, a thirteenth serving as the coxswain. Upon this barge, expressly built for the occasion, all eyes turned, seeking to distinguish the stateliest figure among a distinguished group in the stern-sheets. A prolonged shout went up as the water party made their way to Murray's wharf. Oars were tossed and let fall, the chief barge was made fast at the slip, and up the carpeted staircase, with his escort, mounted a tall, elderly man, of military bearing, dressed in a plain suit, with a blue coat and buff waistcoat and breeches, and looking healthy, but travel-worn. Amid the plaudits of the dense throng now fully excited, Governor Clinton, with his suite and the civic officers, welcomed him at the landing-place. The artillery fired another salute. The bells broke out madly. Washington (for it was he who arrived after this fashion) entered a state carriage, followed by the governor. Chancellor Livingston, the adjutant-general and city recorder, Jay, Knox, Osgood, and the congressional committee, who had now disembarked with the rest of the party which had been rowed over from Elizabethtown Point, took seats in other carriages provided for them; as did likewise the French and Spanish ambassadors. A body-guard of grenadiers attended the president-elect. The military now shouldered arms and took up the line of march. Citizens, arm-in-arm, brought up the rear. In this manner did the procession wend its way up Wall and through Queen Streets to the house which the honored guest was to occupy.

Thus propitiously did George Washington enter New York, our temporary capital, as the first president-elect of the United States. Receiving after the electoral count his official notification by the hand of the venerable and trusty Charles Thompson, long secretary of the Continental Congress, he had started from Mount Vernon

a week before to enter upon his new official trust. All the way hither he had been publicly honored, though setting out as a plain citizen, in his private carriage. Through Philadelphia, under an escort of city troops, he rode upon a prancing white horse, a civic crown of laurel upon his head. A surprise, arranged for him at Trenton by its fair townspeople, touched him the most deeply of all tributes. Here, at the bridge spanning the Assunpink River, which, twelve years before, he had crossed and recrossed in those midnight marches which turned America's fortunes and his own, he found an arch, supported on thirteen pillars and twined with flowers, laurel and evergreen. It bore the inscription, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters." As he passed beneath it young girls dressed in white sang an ode of welcome and strewed flowers before him.

Washington now remained a week at New York before the arrangements for his inauguration were concluded, meantime receiving the hospitalities of the city and its chief inhabitants.

The last day of the month was fixed by Congress for the public ceremonies of the first presidential induction. Though the day opened with clouds, the sun broke out resplendent before noon. Early in the morning crowds of people might be seen pouring into town over King's Bridge, some on foot, others in carriages; and many, besides, had already arrived from the neighboring states to witness the ceremonies. During the forenoon prayers were offered up in all the churches. At twelve o'clock Washington proceeded, with a military escort, from his house to Federal Hall, whose situation was at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets. Both houses of Congress were already assembled in the Senate chamber. Vice-president Adams, who had entered upon his official duties shortly before Washington's arrival in the city, now received the president-elect and conducted him to a chair at the upper end of the hall. After a few moments of silence, when all was ready, the assembled

body and their invited guests went out upon the Senate balcony, the appointed place for our earliest inaugural ceremony. This balcony, which fronted on Broad Street, was most appropriate; facing, as it did, a large open space, and being long and ample, with Tuscan pillars at intervals, and cornices decked to symbolize the thirteen states.

The scene was impressive. Below appeared a swaying crowd, whose upturned, eager faces were packed in solid mass. Not a window or roof in the neighborhood was unoccupied. A loud shout went up as Washington came to the front of the balcony; cocked hats waved in the air, handkerchiefs fluttered. Placing his hand on his heart, Washington bowed again and again, and then took his seat in an arm-chair, between two of the pillars, near a small table. His suit was a dark brown, of American manufacture; at his side he wore a dress sword; white silk stockings and shoes whose decorations consisted of plain silver buckles completed his attire. His hair, after the fashion of the day, was powdered and gathered in a bag behind, and his head remained uncovered. Though erect still in figure, with a face which flushed when he spoke, and of that indescribable bearing, kingly, yet unkingly, which inspired the deepest veneration while repelling all familiarity, Washington showed some signs of approaching age. A new set of false teeth, rudely made, gave to the lower part of his face an unusual aspect. To those who had long known him he seemed softening from the warrior to the sage. On one side of him stood Chancellor Livingston, whose stately figure was arrayed in full black; on the other side the square-set Adams, dressed more showily than Washington, but likewise in clothes of American fabric. Distinguished men in and out of Congress—among the latter Hamilton, Knox, and Steuben—surrounded this conspicuous group. The chancellor came forward and gestured to the crowd. All was silent. Washington arose once more, and while Otis, the newly chosen secretary of the

Senate, held an open Bible upon a rich crimson cushion, Chancellor Livingston administered the oath of office. The words were solemnly repeated by Washington, who said, audibly, "I swear," and then, with closed eyes and in a whispering voice, "so help me God!" kissing the book as he concluded. Chancellor Livingston now turned again to the crowd, and waving his hand, exclaimed loudly, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" Upon this signal a long, loud huzza rent the air, and cheer followed cheer. It seemed the welling up from thousands of hearts whose emotions could no longer be restrained. A flag was run up on a staff over the building, and the artillery guns at the Battery thundered the earliest of presidential salutes.

Once more returning to the Senate chamber, the balcony audience took their seats and listened to the inaugural address, which Washington read from his manuscript. "It was a very touching scene," writes a member of the House, "and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect, grave almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention; added to the series of objects presented to the mind and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members."

This address opened by an allusion (sincere, doubtless, as Washington's private letters show) to the anxiety and diffidence he had felt and the conflict of his own emotions between a desire for retirement in his declining years on the one hand and his disposition, on the other, to heed the summons of Congress and the country. All he dared aver was his faithful study to collect his duty from a just appreciation of all the circumstances which might affect it; and all he dared hope was that, if grateful remembrance of the past or an affectionate sensibility of this transcendent proof of the confidence of his fellow-citizens had led him into error in accepting the trust, his country would not judge him unkindly. With this

modest preface he expressed his wish to receive, as he had done while at the head of the army, a compensation which should merely defray his personal expenses.

The leading theme of his discourse being personal, Washington touched but lightly upon measures of practical administration, deferring in this respect to the wisdom of Congress. But he threw out suggestions highly favorable to amending the Constitution in response to the general wish, and in pursuing in other respects such a course of popular conciliation as might knit the people of all the states into a harmonious union. For the prosperity of the new government he invoked once and again the favor of the Almighty Being, whose wisdom had thus far directed us.

After the conclusion of this address the grave assemblage proceeded on foot to St. Paul's chapel on Broadway, where Bishop Provoost, who had been elected one of the chaplains of Congress, offered prayers; after which Washington's escort re-conducted him to his house. This ended the ceremonials of our first inauguration: an inauguration to be distinguished from all later ones in respect of place, the date in the calendar year, the decidedly religious tone given to the exercises, and a minor feature or two which reminded some of a foreign coronation. Considering, however, the man and the occasion, nothing seemed out of tune with the popular expression. There were fireworks and illuminations in the evening. Multitudes sauntered down Broadway toward Bowling Green, to see the transparencies; one of which, by way of allegory, displayed Washington as Fortitude, with the two houses of Congress, as Justice and Wisdom, on either side; while another, in front of the theater in John Street, represented Fame descending from heaven and crowning her favorite son.

It would have been well to let the inaugural exercises expire that night with the flame of the last rocket, but Congress would not so permit. Adopting a parliamentary custom still honored in several

of the states, each house of Congress now proceeded to frame a formal reply to the inaugural address, and when it was ready the president was waited upon by two bodies in turn, the speaker presenting the address of the House and the vice-president that of the Senate. This called for two rejoinders from the president. The House ceremonial took place in a room adjoining the representative's chamber; but the Senate insisted upon marching in a body to the president's house, setting an example which the House followed the next winter, after the opening message had been delivered. And thus was instituted the practice, regularly kept up in the two houses of Congress until Jefferson's administration, of spending the early days of every session in deliberating upon the language of a composition to be borne through the streets in solemn procession and presented in form to a Chief Magistrate who, perchance, had first read it in a newspaper, and certainly could have little response to make. To Madison, if not to other members with a turn to composition, it sometimes fell to help frame both presidential message and response; and the country has lost nothing in dignity by abandoning in later years this small culling among felicitous phrases to make up a congressional tribute expressive of the maximum of praise with the minimum of promise.

From Schouler's History of the United States.

Soldier and statesmen, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content.

From Under the Old Elm.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMESY

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

One week ago this Christmas day, in the little back office that adjoins the counting-room of the *Daily Journal*, I sat in genial conversation with two friends. I do not now recall the theme of our discussion, but the general trend of it—suggested, doubtless, by the busy scene upon the streets—I remember most distinctly savored of the mellowing influences of the coming holidays, with perhaps an acrid tang of irony as we dwelt upon the great needs of the poor at such a time, and the chariness with which the hand of opulence was wont to dole out alms. But for all that we were merry, and as from time to time our glances fell upon the ever-shifting scene outside, our hearts grew warmer, and within the eyes the old dreams glimmered into fuller dawn. It was during a lull of conversation, and while the philanthropic mind, perchance, was wandering amid the outer throng, and doubtless quoting to itself

“Whene’er I take my walks abroad,”

that our privacy was abruptly broken into by the grimy apparition of a boy of ten; a ragged little fellow—not the stereotyped edition of the street waif, but a cross between the bootblack and the infantine Italian with the violin. Where he had entered, and how, would have puzzled us to answer; but there he stood before us, as it were, in a majesty of insignificance. I have never had the features of a boy impress me as did his, and as I stole a covert glance at my companions I was pleased to find the evidence of more

than ordinary interest in their faces. They gazed in attentive silence on the little fellow, as, with uncovered, frowzy head, he stepped forward boldly, yet with an air of deference as unlooked for as becoming.

"I don't want to bother you gentlemens," he began, in a frank but hesitating tone that rippled hurriedly along as he marked a general nod of indulgence for the interruption. "I don't want to bother nobody, but if I can raise fifty cents—and I've got a nickel—and if I can raise the rest—and it ain't much, you know—on'y forty-five—and if I can raise the rest—I tell you, gentlemens," he broke off abruptly, and speaking with italicized sincerity, "I want jist fifty cents, 'cause I can git a blackin'-box fer that, and brush and ever'thing, and you can bet if I had *that* I wouldn't haf to ast nobody fer nothin'! And I ain't got no father ner mother, ner brother ner—ner—no sisters, neether; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I'll work—at *anything*—yes, sir—when I can git anything to do—and I sleep jist any place—and I ain't had no breakfast—and, honest, gentlemens, I'm a good boy—I don't swear ner smoke ner chew—but that's all right—on'y if you'll—jist make up forty-five between you—and that's on'y fifteen cents apiece—I'll thank you, I will, and I'll jist do anything—and it's coming Christmas, and I'll roll in the nickels, don't you fergit—if I on'y got a box—'cause I throw up a 'bad' shine!—and I can git the box fer fifty cents if you gentlemens'll on'y make up forty-five between you." At the conclusion of this long and rambling appeal, the little fellow stood waiting with an eager face for a response.

A look of stoical deliberation played about the features of the oldest member of the group, as with an air of seriousness, which, I think, even the boy recognized as affected, he asked:

"And you couldn't get a box like that for—say forty cents? Fifty cents looks like a lot of money to lay out in the purchase of a blacking-box."

The boy smiled wisely as he answered:

"Yes, it might look big to a feller that ain't up on prices, but *I* think it's *cheap*, 'cause it's a second-hand box, and a *new* one would cost seventy-five cents anyhow—'thout no brushes ner nothin'!"

In the meantime I had dropped into the little fellow's palm the only coin I had in my possession, and we all laughed as he closed his thanks with: "Oh, come, Cap, go the *other* nickel, er I won't git out o' here with *half* enough!" and at that he turned to the former speaker.

"Well, really," said that gentleman, fumbling in his pockets, "I don't believe I've got a dime with me."

"A *dime*," said the little fellow, with a look of feigned compassion. "Ain't got a dime? Maybe I'd loan you *this* one!" And we all laughed again.

"Tell you what do now," said the boy, taking advantage of the moment, and looking coaxingly into the smiling eyes of the gentleman still fumbling vainly in his pockets.—"Tell you what do: borry twenty cents of the man that stays behind the counter there, and then we'll go the other fifteen, and that'll make it, and I'll skip out o' here a little the flyest boy you ever see! What do ye say?" And the little fellow struck a Pat Rooney attitude that would have driven the original inventor mad with envy.

"Give him a quarter!" laughed the gentleman appealed to.

"And here's the other dime," and as the little fellow clutched the money eagerly, he turned; and in a tone of curious gravity, he said:

"Now, honest, gentlemens, I ain't a-givin' you no *game* about the box—'cause a new one costs seventy-five cents, and the one I've got—I mean the one I'm a-goin' to git—is jist as *good* as a new one, on'y it's *second-hand*; and I'm much oblige', gentlemens—honest, I am—and if ever I give you a shine you can jist bet it don't cost you nothin'!"

And with this expression of his gratitude, the little fellow vanished as mysteriously as he had at first appeared.

"That boy hasn't a bad face," said the first speaker—"wide between the eyes—full forehead—good mouth, denoting firmness—altogether, a good, square face."

"And a noble one," said I, perhaps inspired to that rather lofty assertion by the rehearsal of the good points noted by my more observant companion.

"Yes, and an honest, straightforward way of talking, I would say," continued that gentleman. "I only noted one thing to shake my faith in that particular, and that was in his latest reference to the box. You'll remember his saying he was 'giving us no game' about it, whereas he had not been accused of such a thing."

"Oh, he meant about the price, don't you remember?" said I.

"No," said the gentleman at the counter, "you're both wrong. He only threw in that remark because he thought I suspected him, for he recognized me just the instant before that speech, and it confused him, and with some reason, as you will see:—On my way to supper only last night, I overtook that same little fellow in charge of an old man who was in a deplorable state of drunkenness; and you know how slippery the streets were. I think if that old man fell a single time he fell a dozen, and once so violently that I ran to his assistance and helped him to his feet. I thought him badly hurt at first, for he gashed his forehead as he fell, and I helped the little fellow to take him into a drug-store, where the wound, upon examination, proved to be nothing more serious than to require a strip of plaster. I got a good look at the boy, there, however, and questioned him a little; and he said the man was his father, and he was taking him home; and I gathered further from his talk that the man was a confirmed inebriate. Now you'll remember the boy told us here a while ago he had no father, and when he recognized me a moment since and found himself caught

in one 'yarn,' at least, he very naturally supposed I would think his entire story a fabrication, hence the suspicious nature of his last remarks, and the sudden transition of his manner from that of real delight to gravity, which change, in my opinion, rather denotes lying to be a new thing to him. I can't be mistaken in the boy, for I noticed, as he turned to go, a bald place on the back of his head, the left side, a 'trade-mark,' first discovered last evening, as he bent over the prostrate form of his father."

"I noticed a thin spot in his hair," said I, "and wondered at the time what caused it."

"And don't you know?"

I shook my head.

"Coal-bins and entry floors.—That little fellow hasn't slept within a bed for years, perhaps."

"But he told you, as you say, last night, he was taking the old man home?"

"Yes, home! I can imagine that boy's home. There are myriads like it in the city here—a cellar or a shed—a box-car or a loft in some old shop, with a father to chase him from it in his sober interludes, and to hold him from it in unconscious shame when helplessly drunk. *Home, Sweet Home!* That boy has heard it on the hand-organ, perhaps, but never in his heart—you couldn't grind it out of there with a thousand cranks."

The remainder of that day eluded me somehow; I don't know how or where it passed. I suppose it just dropped into a comatose condition, and so slipped away "unknelled, unconfined, and unknown."

But one clear memory survives—an experience so vividly imprinted on my mind that I now recall its every detail: Entering the Union Depot that evening to meet the train that was to carry me away at six o'clock, muffled closely in my overcoat, yet more closely muffled in my gloomy thoughts, I was rather abruptly

stopped by a small boy with a cry of: "Here, you man with the cigar; don't you want them boots blacked? Shine 'em fer ten cents! Shine 'em fer a nickel—on'y you mustn't give me away on that," he added, dropping on his knees near the entrance, and motioning me to set my foot upon the box.

It was then too dark for me to see his face clearly, but I had recognized the voice the instant he had spoken, and had paused and looked around.

"Oh, you'll have plenty o' time," he urged, guessing at the cause of my apparent hesitation. "None o' the trains on time to-night—on'y the Panhandle, and she's jist a-backin' in—won't start fer thirty minutes," and he again beckoned, and rattled a seductive tattoo on the side of his box.

"Well," said I, with a compromising air, "come inside, then, out of the cold."

"'Ginst the rules—cops won't have it. They jist fired me out o' there not ten minutes ago. Oh, come, Cap; step out here; it won't take two minutes," and the little fellow spat professionally upon his brush, with a covert glance of pleasure as he noted the apparent success of the maneuver. "You don't *live* here, I'll bet," said the boy, setting the first foot on the box, and pausing to blow his hands.

"How do you know that? Did you never see me here before?"

"No, I never *see* you here before, but that ain't no reason. I can tell you don't live here by them shoes—'cause they've been put up in some little pennyroyal shop,—that's how. When you want a fly shoe you want to git her up som'er's where they know somepin' about style. They's good enough *metal* in that shoe, on'y she's about two years off in *style*."

"You're posted, then, in shoes," said I, with a laugh.

"I ort to be," he went on, pantingly, a brush in either hand gyrating with a velocity that jostled his hat over his eyes, leaving

most plainly exposed to my investigative eye the trade-mark before alluded to; "I ort^a to be posted in shoes, 'cause I ain't done nothin' but black 'em fer five years."

"You're an old hand, then, at the business," said I. "I didn't know but maybe you were just starting out. What's an outfit like that worth?"

"Thinkin' o' startin' up?" he asked, facetiously.

"Oh, no," said I, good-humoredly. "I just asked out of idle curiosity. That's a new box, ain't it?"

"*New!*" he repeated with a laugh. "Put up that other hoof. *New?* W'y, if that box had ever had eyes like a human it would 'a' been a-wearin' specs by this time; that's a old, bald-headed box, with one foot in the grave."

"And what did the old fellow cost you?" I asked, highly amused at the quaint expressions of the boy.

"Cost? Cost nothin'—on'y about a' hour's work. I made that box myse'f, 'bout four year ago."

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes," he went on, "they don't cost nothin'; the boys makes 'em out o' other boxes, you know. Some of 'em gits 'em made, but they ain't no good—ain't no better'n this kind."

"So that didn't cost you anything?" said I, "though I suspect you wouldn't like to part with it for less than—well, I don't know how much money to say—seventy-five cents maybe—would any-thing less than seventy-five cents buy it?" I craftily interrogated.

"Seventy-five cents! W'y, what's the matter with you, man? I could get a cart-load of 'em fer seventy-five cents. I'll take yer measure fer one like it fer fifteen, too quick!" and the little fellow leaned back from his work and laughed up in my face with absolute derision.

I pulled my hat more closely down for fear of recognition, but was reassured a moment later as he went on:

"Wisht you lived here; you'd be old fruit fer us fellows. I can see you now a-takin' wind—and we'd give it to you mighty slick now, don't you fergit!" and as the boy renewed his work, I think his little, ragged body shook less with industry than mirth.

"Wisht I'd struck you 'bout ten o'clock this morning!" and, as he spoke, he paused again and looked up in my face with real regret. "Oh, you'd 'a' been the loveliest sucker of 'em all! W'y, you'd 'a' went the whole pot yerse'f!"

"How do you mean?" said I, dropping the cigar I held.

"How do I mean? Oh, you don't want to smoke this thing again after its a-rollin' round in the dirt!"

"Why, you don't smoke," said I, reaching for the cigar he held behind him.

"Me? Oh, what you givin' me?"

"Come, let me have it," I said, sharply, drawing a case from my pocket and taking out another cigar.

"Oh, you want a *light*," he said, handing me the stub and watching me wistfully. "Couldn't give us a fresh cigar, could you, Cap?"

"I don't know," said I, as though deliberating on the matter. "What was that you were going to tell me just now? You started to tell me what a 'lovely sucker' I'd have been had you met me this morning. How did you mean?"

"Give me a cigar and I'll tell you. Oh, come, now, Cap; give me a smoker and I'll give you the whole game. I will, now, honest!"

I held out the open case.

"Nothin' mean about you, is they?" he said, eagerly taking a fresh cigar in one hand and the stub in the other. "A ten-center, too—*oh, I guess not!*" But to my surprise he took the stub between his lips, and began opening his coat. "Guess I'll jist fat this daisy, and save 'er up for Christmas. No, I won't either," he broke in suddenly, with a bright, keen flash of second thought.

"Tell you what I'll do," holding up the cigar and gazing at it admiringly; "she's a ten-center all right, ain't she?"

I nodded.

"And worth every cent of it, too, ain't she?"

"Every cent of it," I repeated.

"Then give me a nickel, and she's yours—'cause if you can afford to *give* this to me fer nothin', looks like I ort to let you have it fer half-price"; and as I laughingly dropped the nickel in his hand he concluded, "And they's nothin' mean about me, neither!"

"Now, go on with your story," said I. "How about that 'game' you were 'giving,' this morning?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Cap. Us fellers has got to lay fer ever nickel, 'cause none of us is bondholders; and they's days and days together when we don't make enough to even starve on.—What I mean is, we on'y make enough to pay fer aggravatin' our appetites with jist about enough chuck to keep us starvin'-hungry. So you see, when a feller ain't got nothin' else to do, and his appetite won't sleep in the same bunk with him, he's bound to git on to somepin' crooked and git up all sorts o' dodges to git along. Some gives 'em one thing, and some another, but you bet they got to be mighty slick now, 'cause people won't have 'orphans,' and 'fits,' and 'cripples,' and 'drunk fathers,' and 'mothers that eats morphine,' and 'white-swellin',' and 'consumption,' and all that sort o' taffy! Got to git 'er down finer'n that! But *I* been a-gittin' in my work all the same, don't you fergit! You won't ever blow, now?"

"How could I 'blow,' and what if I did?—I don't live hère," I replied.

"Well, you better never blow, anyhow; 'cause if ever us duffers would git on to it you'd be a sp'iled oyster!"

"Go on," said I, with an assuring tone.

"The lay I'm on jist now," he continued, dropping his voice and looking cautiously around, "is a-hidin' my box and a-rushin' in,

sudden-like, where they's a crowd o' nobs a-talkin' politics or somepin', and a-jist startin' in, and 'fore they know *what's* a-comin' I'm a-flashin' up a nickel er a dime, and a-tellin' 'em if I on'y had enough more to make fifty cents I could buy a blackin'-box, and wouldn't have to ast no boot o' my grandmother! And two minutes chinnin' does it, don't you see, 'cause *they* don't know nothin' 'bout blackin'-boxes; they're jist as soft as *you* air. They got an idy, maybe, that blackin'-boxes comes all the way from Chiny, with cokeynut whiskers packed 'round 'em; and I make it solid by a-sayin' I'm only goin' to git a *second-hand* box—see? But *that* ain't the p'int—it's the Mr. Nickel I' already *got*. Oh, it'll paralyze 'em ever' time. *Sometimes* fellers'll make up seventy-five cents er a dollar, and tell me to 'git a *new* box, and go *into* the business right.' That's a thing that always rattles me. Now, if they'd only growl a little and look like they was jist a-puttin' up 'cause the first one did, I can stand it; but when they go to pattin' me on the head, and a-tellin' me 'that's right,' and 'not to be afeard o' work,' and I'll 'come out all right,' and a-tellin' me to 'git a good substantial box while I'm a-gittin',' and a-ponyin' up handsome, there's where I weaken—I do, honest!" And never so plainly as at that moment did I see within his face and in his eyes the light of true nobility.

"You see," he went on, in a tone of voice half courage, half apology, "I' got a family on my hands, and I' jist *got* to git along somehow! I could git along on the square deal as long as *mother* was alive—'cause she'd *work*—but ever sence *she* died—and that was winter 'fore last—I've kind o' had to double on the old thing all sorts o' ways. But Sis don't know it. Sis, *she* thinks I'm the squarest muldoon in the business," and even side by side with the homely utterance a great sigh faltered from his lips.

"And who is Sis?" I inquired with new interest.

"Sis?" he repeated, knocking my foot from the box, and leaning

back, still in the old position, his hat now lying on the ground beside him, and his frowzy hair tossed backward from the full, broad brow—"Who's Sis?" he repeated with an upward smile that almost dazzled me—"W'y, Sis is—is—w'y, Sis is the boss girl—and don't you fergit it!"

No need had he to tell me more than this. I knew who "Sis" was by the light of pride in the uplifted eyes; I knew who "Sis" was by the exultation in the broken voice, and the half-defiant tossing of the frowzy head; I knew who "Sis" was by the little, naked hands thrown upward openly; I knew who "Sis" was by the tear that dared to trickle through the dirt upon her ragged brother's face. And don't *you* forget it!

O that boy down there upon his knees!—there in the cinders and the dirt—so far, far down beneath us that we trample on his breast and grind our heels into his very heart; O that boy there, with his lifted eyes, and God's own glory shining in his face, has taught me, with an eloquence beyond the trick of mellow-sounding words and metaphor, that love may find a purer home beneath the rags of poverty and vice than in all the great warm hearts of Charity.

I hardly knew what impulse prompted me, but as the boy rose to his feet and held his hand out for the compensation for his work, I caught the little dingy palm close, close within my own, and wrung it as I would have wrung the hand of some great conqueror.

The little fellow stared at me in wonderment, and although his lips were silent, I can but believe that had they parted with the utterance within his heart my feelings had received no higher recognition than the old contemptuous phrase, "Oh, what you givin' me?"

"And so you've got a family on your hands?" I inquired, recovering an air of simple curiosity, and toying in my pocket with some bits of change. "How much of a family?"

"On'y three of us now."

"Only three of you, eh? Yourself, and Sis, and—and—"

"The old man," said the boy, uneasily; and after a pause, in which he seemed to swallow an utterance more bitter, he added, "And he ain't no good on earth!"

"Can't work?" I queried.

"*Won't* work," said the boy, bitterly. "He *won't* work—he won't do nuthin'—on'y *budge*! And I haf to steer him in ever' night, 'cause the cops won't pull him any more—they won't let him in the station-house more'n they'd let him in a parler, 'cause he's a plum' goner now, and liable to croak any minute."

"Liable to what?" said I.

"Liable to jist keel over—wink out, you know—'cause he has fits—kind o' jimjams, I guess. Had a fearful old matinee with him last night! You see he comes all sorts o' games on me, and I haf to put up fer him—'cause he's *got* to have *whisky*, and if we can on'y keep him about so full he's a regular lamb; but he don't stand no monkeyin' when he wants whisky, now you bet! Sis can handle him better'n me, but *she's* been a-losin' her grip on him lately—you see Sis ain't stout any more, and been kind o' sick-like so long she humors him, you know, more'n she'd ort. And he couldn't git on his pins at all yisterday morning, and Sis sent fer me, and I took him down a pint, and that set him a-runnin' so that when I left he made Sis give up a quarter he saw me slip her; and it jist happened I run into him that evening and got him in, or he'd 'a' froze to death. I guess he must 'a' kind o' had 'em last night, 'cause he was the wildest man you ever see—saw grass-hoppers with paper-collars on, and old sows with feather-duster tails—the durndest program you ever heard of! And he got so bad onc't he was a-goin' to *belt* Sis, and did *try* it: and—and I had to chug him one or he'd 'a' done it. And then he cried, and *Sis* cried, and *I* cri—, I—*Dern him!* you can bet yer life *I* didn't cry!" And as the boy spoke, the lips quivered into stern compression, the little

hands gripped closer at his side, but for all that the flashing eye grew blurred and the lids drooped downward.

"That's a boss shine on them shoes."

I was mechanically telling over in my hand the three small coins I had drawn from my pocket.

"That is a nice job!" said I, gazing with an unusual show of admiration at the work; "and I thought," continued I, with real regret, "that I had two dimes and a nickel here, and was thinking that, as these were Christmas times, I'd just give you a quarter for your work."

"Honest, Cap?"

"Honest!" I repeated, "but the fact is the two dimes, as I thought they were, are only two three-cent pieces, so I have only eleven cents in change, after all."

"Specd they'd change a bill fer you 'crost there at the lunch-counter," he suggested, with charming alertness.

"Won't have time—there's my train just coupling.—But take this—I'll see you again sometime, perhaps."

"How big a bill is it you *want* changed?" asked the little fellow, with a most acquisitive expression, and a swift glance at our then lonely surroundings.

"I only have one bill with me," said I, nervously, "and that's a five."

"Well, here then," said the boy, hurriedly, with another and more scrutinizing glance about him—"guess I can 'commodate you." And as I turned in wonder, he drew from some mysterious recess in the lining of his coat a roll of bills, from which he hastily detached four in number, then returned the roll; and before I had recovered from my surprise, he had whisked the note from my fingers and left in my hand instead the proper change.

"This is on the dead, now, Cap. Don't you ever cheep about me

havin' wealth, you know; 'cause it ain't *mine*—that is, it *is* mine, but I'm a— There goes yer train. Ta-ta!"

"The day before Christmas," said I, snatching his hand, and speaking hurriedly—"the day before Christmas I'm coming back, and if you'll be here when the five-thirty train rolls in you'll find a man that wants his boots blacked—maybe to get married in, or something—anyway he'll want a shine like this, and he'll come prepared to pay the highest market price—do you understand?"

"You jist tell that feller fer me," said the boy, eclipsing the twinkle of one eye, and dropping his voice to an inflection of strictest confidence—"you jist tell that feller fer me that I'm his oyster!"

"And you'll meet him, sure?" said I.

"I will," said the boy. And he kept his word.

My ride home was an incoherent fluttering of the wings of time, in which travail one fretful hour was born, to grasp its first few minutes helplessly; then moan, roll over and kick out its legs and sprawl about; then crawl a little—stagger to its feet and totter on; then tumble down a time or two and knock its empty head against the floor and howl; then loom up awkwardly on gangling legs, too much in their own way to comprehend that they were in the way of everybody else; then limp a little as it worried on—drop down exhausted—moan again—toss up its hands—shriek out, and die in violent convulsions.

We have all had that experience of the car-wheels—had them enter into conversation with us as we gaily embarked upon some pleasant trip, perhaps; had them rattle off in scraps of song, or lightly twit us with some dear one's name, or even go so far as to laugh at us and mock us for some real or fancied dereliction of car-etiquette. I shall ever have good reason to remember how once upon a time a boy of fourteen, though greatly undersized, told the conductor

he was only ten, and although the unsuspecting official accepted the statement as a truth, with the proper reduction in the fare, the car-wheels called that boy a "liar" for twenty miles—and twenty miles as long and tedious as he has ever compassed in his journey through this vale of tears.

The car-wheels on this bitter winter evening were not at all communicative. They were sullen and morose. They didn't feel like singing, and they wouldn't laugh. They had no jokes, and if there was one peculiar quality of tone they possessed in any marked degree it was that of sneering. They had a harsh, discordant snarl, as it seemed, and were spiteful and insinuating.

The topic they had chosen for that night's consideration was evidently of a very complex and mysterious nature, and they gnawed and mumbled at it with such fierceness, and, withal, such selfishness, I could only catch a flying fragment of it now and then, and that, I noticed, was of the coarsest fiber of intelligence, and of slangy flavor. Listening with the most painful interest, I at last made out the fact that the inflection seemed to be in the interrogative, and, with anxiety the most intense, I slowly came to comprehend that they were desirous of ascertaining the exact distance between two given points, but the proposition seemed determined not to round into fuller significance than to query mockingly, "*How fur* is it? *How fur* is it? *How fur*, *how fur*, *how fur* is it?" and so on to a most exasperating limit. As this senseless phrase was repeated and reiterated in its growing harshness and unchanging intonation, the relentless pertinacity of the query grew simply agonizing, and when at times the car door opened to admit a brakeman, or the train-boy, who had everything to sell but what I wanted, the emphasized refrain would lift me from my seat and drag me up and down the aisle. When the phrase did eventually writhe round into form and shade more tangible, my relief was such that I sat

down, and in my fancy framed a grim, unlovely tune that suited it, and hummed with it, in an undertone of dismal satisfaction:

*"How fur—how fur
Is it from here—
From here to Happiness?"*

When I returned, that same refrain rode back into the city with me! All the gay metropolis was robing for the banquet and the ball. All the windows of the crowded thoroughfares were kindling into splendor. Along the streets rode lordly carriages, so weighted down with costly silks, and furs, and twinkling gems, and unknown treasures in unnumbered packages, that one lone ounce of needed charity would have snapped their axles, and a feather's weight of pure benevolence would have splintered every spoke.

And the old refrain rode with me through it all—as stoical, relentless and unchangeable as fate—and in the same depraved and slangy tone in which it seemed to find an especial pride, it sang, and sang again:

*"How fur—how fur
Is it from here—
From here to Happiness?"*

The train, that for five minutes had been lessening in speed, toiled painfully along, and as I arose impatiently and reached behind me for my overcoat, a cheery voice cried, "Hello, Cap! Want a lift? I'll help you with that benjamin"; and as I looked around I saw the grimy features of my little hero of the brush and box.

"Hello!" said I, as much delighted as surprised. "Where did you drop from?"

"Oh, I collared this old hearse a mile er so back yonder," said the little fellow, gaily, standing on the seat behind me and holding up the coat. "Been a-doin' circus-business on the steps out there fer half an hour. You bet I had my eye on *you*, all the same, though!"

"You had, eh?" I exclaimed, gladly, although I instinctively surmised his highest interest in me was centered in my pocketbook. "You had, eh?" I repeated with more earnestness—"Well, I'm glad of that, Charlie—or, what *is* your name?"

"Squatty," said the boy. Then noticing the look of surprise upon my face, he added soberly: "That ain't my sure-enough name, you know; that's what the *boys* calls me. *Sis* calls me Jamesy."

"Well, Jamesy," I continued, buttoning my collar and drawing on my gloves, "I'm mighty glad to see you, and if you don't believe it, just go down in that right-hand overcoat-pocket and you'll find out."

The little fellow needed no second invitation, and as he drew forth a closely folded package the look of curiosity upon his face deepened to one of blank bewilderment.

"Open it," said I, smiling at the puzzled little face; "open it—it's for you."

"Oh, here, Cap," said the boy, dropping the package on the seat, and holding up a rigid finger, "you're a-givin' me this, ain't you?"

"I'm giving you the package, certainly," said I, somewhat bewildered. "Open it—it's a Christmas present for you—open it!"

"What's your idy o' layin' fer me?" asked the boy, with a troubled and uneasy air. "I've been a-givin' you square business right along, ain't I?"

"Why, Jamesy," said I, as I vaguely comprehended the real drift of his thought, "the package *is* for you, and if you won't open it, I will," and as I spoke I began unfolding it. "Here," said I, "is a pair of gloves a little girl about your size told me to give to you,

because I was telling her about you, over where I live, and it's 'a clear case,' " and I laughed lightly to myself as I noticed a slow flush creeping to his face. "And here," said I, "is a bang-up pair of good old-fashioned socks, and, if they'll fit you, there's an old woman that wears specs and a mole on her nose, told me to tell you, for her, that she knit them for your Christmas present, and if you don't wear them she'll never forgive you. And here," I continued, "is a cap, as fuzzy as a woolly-worm, and as warm a cap, I reckon, as you ever stood on your head in; it's a cheap cap, but I bought it with my own money, and money that I worked mighty hard to get, because I ain't rich; now, if I was rich, I'd buy you a plug; but I've got an idea that this little, old, woolly cap, with earbobs to it, and a snapper to go under your chin, don't you see, won't be a bad cap to knock around in, such weather as this. What do you say now! Try her on once," and as I spoke I turned to place it on his head.

"Oomh-ooh!" he negatively murmured, putting out his hand, his closed lips quivering—the little frowzy head drooping forward, and the ragged shoes shuffling on the floor.

"Come," said I, my own voice growing curiously changed; "won't you take these presents? They are yours; you must accept them, Jamesy, not because they're worth so very much, or because they're very fine," I continued, bending down and folding up the parcel, "but because, you know, I want you to, and—and—you must take them; you must!" and as I concluded, I thrust the tightly folded parcel beneath his arm, and pressed the little tattered elbow firmly over it.

"There you are," said I.—"Freeze on to it, and we'll skip off here at the avenue. Come."

I hardly dared to look behind me till I found myself upon the street, but as I threw an eager glance over my shoulder I saw the little fellow following, not bounding joyfully, but with a solemn

step, the little parcel hugged closely to his side, and his eyes bent soberly upon the frozen ground.

"And how's Sis by this time?" I asked cheerily, flinging the question backward, and walking on more briskly.

"'Bout the same," said the boy, brightening a little, and skipping into a livelier pace.

"About the same, eh? and how's that?" I asked.

"Oh, she can't git around much like she used to, you know; but she's a-gittin' better all the time. She set up mighty nigh all day yisterday"; and as the boy spoke the eyes lifted with the old flash, and the little frowzy head tossed with the old defiance.

"Why, she's not down sick?" said I, a sudden ache of sorrow smiting me.

"Yes," replied the boy, "she's been bad a long time. You see," he broke in by way of explanation, "she didn't have no shoes ner nothin' when winter come, and kind o' took cold, you know, and that give her the whoopin'-cough so's she couldn't git around much. You jist ort to see her now!—Oh, she's a-gittin' all right *now*, you can bet! and she said yisterday she'd be plum well Christmas, and that's on'y to-morry.—*Guess not!*" and as the little fellow concluded this exultant speech, he circled round me, and then shot forward like a rocket.

"Hi! Jamesy!" I called after him, pausing at a stairway and stepping in the door.

The little fellow joined me in an instant. "Want that shine now?" he inquired with panting eagerness.

"Not now, Jamesy," said I, "for I'm going to be quite busy for a while. This is my stopping-place here—the second door on the right, up-stairs, remember—and I work there when I'm in the city, and I sometimes sleep there, when I work late. And now I want to ask a very special favor of you," I continued, taking a little sealed packet from my pocket: "here's a little box that you're to

take to Sis, with my compliments—the compliments of the season, you understand,—and tell her I sent it, with particular directions that she shouldn't break it open till Christmas morning—not till Christmas morning, understand! Then you tell her that I would like very much to come and see her, and if she says all right,—and you must give me a good 'send-off,' and she'll say all right if 'Jamesy' says all right,—then come back here, say two hours from now, or three hours, or to-night, anyway, and we'll go down and see Sis together—what do you say?"

The boy nodded dubiously. "Honest—must I do all that, sure enough?"

"Will you?" said I; "that's what I want to know"; and I pushed back the dusky little face and looked into the bewildered eyes.

"*Solid?*" he queried, gravely.

"Solid," I repeated, handing him the box. "Will you come?"

"W'y, 'course I will, on'y I was jist a-thinkin'—"

"Just thinking what?" said I, as the little fellow paused abruptly and shook the box suspiciously at his ear. "Just thinking what?" I repeated; "for I must go now; good-by.—Just thinking what?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy, backing off and staring at me in a phase of wonder akin to awe.—"Nothin', on'y I was jist a-thinkin' that you was a little the curiorest rooster I ever see."

Three hours later, as I sat alone, he came in upon me timidly to say he had not been home yet, having "run acrost the old man jist a-bilin', and had to git him corralled 'fore he dropped down som'er's in the snow; but I'm a-gittin' 'long bully with him *now*," he added with a deep sigh of relief, "'cause he's so full he'll haf to let go purty soon. Say you'll be here?"

I nodded silently, and he was gone.

The merry peals of laughter rang up from the streets like mockery. The jingling of bells, the clatter and confusion of the swarming thoroughfares, flung up to me not one glad murmur of delight;

the faint and far-off blaring of a dreamy waltz, blown breeze-like over the drowsy ear of night, had sounded sweeter to me had I stood amidst the band, with every bellowing horn about my ears, and the drums and clashing cymbals howling mad.

I couldn't work, I couldn't read, I couldn't rest; I could only pace about. I heard the clock strike ten, and strike it hard; I heard it strike eleven, viciously; and twelve it held out at arm's length, and struck it full between the eyes, and let it drop—stone dead. O I saw the blood ooze from its ears, and saw the white foam freeze upon its lips! I was alone—alone!

It was three o'clock before the boy returned.

"Been a long while," he began, "but I had a fearful time with the old man, and he went on so when I *did* git him in I was 'most afeared to leave him; but he kind o' went to sleep at last, and Molly *she* come over to see how Sis was a-gittin'; and Sis said she'd like to see *you* if you'd come *now*, you know, while they ain't no racket goin' on."

"Come, then," said I, buttoning my coat closely at the throat, "I am ready"; and a moment later we had stepped into the frosty night. We moved along in silence, the little fellow half running, half sliding along the frozen pavement in the lead; and I noted, with a pleasurable thrill, that he had donned the little fuzzy cap and mittens, and from time to time was flinging, as he ran, admiring glances at his shadow on the snow.

Our way veered but a little from the very center of the city, but led mainly along through narrow streets and alley-ways, where the rear ends of massive business blocks had dwindled down to insignificant proportions to leer grimly at us as we passed little grated windows and low, scowling doors. Occasionally we passed a clump of empty boxes, barrels, and such *débris* and merchandise as had been crowded pell-mell from some inner storage by their newer and more dignified companions; and now and then we passed an empty bus,

bulging up in the darkness like a behemoth of the olden times; or, jutting from still narrower passages, the sloping ends of drays and carts innumerable. And along even as forbidding a defile as this we groped until we came upon a low, square brick building that might have served at one time as a wash-house, or, less probably, perhaps, a dairy. There was but one window in the front, and that but little larger than an ordinary pane of glass. In the sides, however, and higher up, was a row of gratings, evidently designed more to serve as ventilation than as openings for light. There was but one opening, an upright doorway, half above ground, half below, with little narrow side-steps leading down to it. A light shone dimly from the little window, and as the boy motioned me to pause and listen, a sound of female voices talking in undertones was audible, mingled with a sound like that of some one snoring heavily.

"Hear the old man a-gittin' in his work?" whispered the boy.

I nodded. "He's asleep?"

"You *bet* he's asleep!" said the boy, still in a whisper; "and he'll jist about stay with it thataway fer five hours, anyhow. What time you got now, Cap?"

"A quarter now till four," I replied, peering at my watch.

"W'y, it's *Christmas*, then!" he cried in muffled rapture of delight; but abruptly checking his emotion, he beckoned me a little farther from the door, and spoke in a confidential whisper.

"Cap, look here, now; 'fore we go in I want you to promise me one thing—'cause you can fix it and *she'll* never drop! Now, here, I want to put up a job on *Sis*, you understand!"

"What!" I exclaimed, starting back and staring at the boy in amazement. "Put up a job on *Sis*?"

"Oh, look here, now, Cap; you ain't a-goin' back on a feller like that!" broke in the little fellow, in a mingled tone of pleading and reproof; "and if you don't help a feller I'll haf to wait till broad daylight, 'cause we ain't got no clock."

"No clock!" I repeated with increased bewilderment.

"Oh, come, Cap, what do you say? It ain't no lie, you know; all you got to do'll be to jist tell Sis it's Christmas—as though you didn't want *me* to hear, you know; and then she'll git my 'Christmas gift' *first*, you know;—and, oh, lordy! won't she think she's played it fine!" And as I slowly comprehended the meaning of the little fellow's plot I nodded my willingness to assist in "putting up the job."

"Now, hold on a second!" continued the little fellow, in the wildest glee, darting through an opening in a high board fence a dozen steps away, and in an instant reappearing with a bulky parcel, which, as he neared me, I discovered was a paper flour-sack half filled, the other half lapped down and fastened with a large twine string. "Now this stuff," he went on excitedly, "you must juggle in without Sis seein' it—here, shove it under your 'ben,' here—there—that's business! Now when you go in, you're to set down with the other side to'rds the bed, you see, and when Sis *hollers* '*Christmas gift*,' you know, you jist kind o' let it slide down to the floor like, and I'll nail it slick enough—though I'll p'tend, you know, it *ain't* Christmas yet, and look sold out, and say it wasn't fair fer you to tell her, and all that; and then I'll open up suddent-like, and if you don't see old Sis bug out them eyes of hern I don't want a cent!" And as the gleeful boy concluded his speech, he put his hands over his mouth and dragged me down the little, narrow steps.

"Here's that feller come to see you, Sis!" he announced abruptly, opening the door and peering in. "Come on," he said, turning to me. I followed, closing the door, and looking curiously around. A squabby, red-faced woman, sitting on the edge of a low bed, leered upon me, but with no salutation. An old cook-stove, propped up with bricks, stood back against the wall directly opposite, and through the warped and broken doors in front sent out a dismal sug-

gestion of the fire that burned within. At the side of this, prone upon the floor, lay the wretched figure of a man, evidently in the deepest stage of drunkenness, and thrown loosely over him was an old tattered piece of carpet and a little checkered shawl.

There was no furniture to speak of; one chair—and that was serving as a stand—stood near the bed, and a high hump-shouldered bottle sitting on it, a fruit-can full of water, and a little dim and smoky lamp that glared sulkily.

"Jamesy, can't you git the man a cheer er somepin'?" queried a thin voice from the bed; at which the red-faced woman rose reluctantly with the rather sullen words: "He can sit here, I reckon," while the boy looked at me significantly and took up a position near the "stand."

"So this is Sis?" I said, with reverence.

The little haggard face I bent above was beautiful. The eyes were dark and tender—very tender, and though deeply sunken were most childish in expression and star-pure and luminous. She reached a wasted little hand out to me, saying simply: "It was mighty good in you to give them things to Jamesy, and send me that mo—that—that little box, you know—on'y I guess I—I won't need it." As she spoke a smile of perfect sweetness rested on the face, and the hand within my own nestled in dove-like peace.

The boy bent over the white face from behind and whispered something in her ear, trailing the little laughing lips across her brow as he looked up.

"Not now, Jamesy; wait a while."

"Ah!" said I, shaking my head with feigned merriment, "don't you two go to plotting about me!"

"Oh, hello, no, Cap!" exclaimed the boy, assuringly. "I was on'y jist a-tellin' Sis to ast you if she mightn't open that box *now*—honest! And you jist ask her if you don't believe me—I won't listen." And the little fellow gave me a look of the most penetra-

tive suggestiveness; and when a moment later the glad words, "Christmas gift! Jamesy," rang out quaveringly in the thin voice, the little fellow snatched the sack up, in a paroxysm of delight, and before the girl had time to lift the long dark lashes once upon his merry face, he had emptied its contents out tumultuously upon the bed.

"You got it on to me, Sis!" cried the little fellow, dancing wildly round the room; "got it on to me *this* time! but I'm *game*, don't you fergit, and don't put up nothin' snide! How'll them shoes there ketch you? and how's this fer a cloak?—is them enough beads to suit you? And how's this fer a hat—feather and all? And how's this fer a dress—made and everything? and I'd 'a' got a *corsik* with it if he'd on'y had any little enough. *You* won't look fly ner nothin' when you throw all that style on you in the morning!—*Guess* not!" And the delighted boy went off upon another wild excursion round the room.

"Lean down here," said the girl, a great light in her eyes and the other slender hand sliding from beneath the covering. "Here is the box you sent me, and I've *opened* it—it wasn't *right* you know, but somepin' kind o' said to open it '*fore* morning—and—and I opened it." And the eyes seemed asking my forgiveness, yet were filled with great bewilderment. "You see," she went on, the thin voice falling in a fainter tone, "I *knowed* that money in the box—that is, the *bills*—I *knowed* them bills 'cause *one* of 'em had a ink-spot on it, and the other ones had been pinned with it—they *wasn't* pinned together when *you* sent 'em, but the holes was in where they *had been* pinned, and they was all pinned together when *Jamesy* had 'em—'cause Jamesy used to have them very bills—he didn't think I *knowed*,—but onc't when he was asleep, and *father* was a-goin' through his clothes, I happened to find 'em in his coat '*fore* he did; and I *counted* 'em, and hid 'em back ag'in, and father didn't find 'em, and Jamesy never *knowed* it.—I never said nothin',

'cause somepin' kind o' said to me it was all right; and somepin' kind o' said I'd git all these things here, too—on'y I won't need 'em, ner the money, nor nothin'. How did *you* get the money? That's all!"

The boy had by this time approached the bed, and was gazing curiously upon the solemn little face.

"What's the *matter* with you, Sis?" he asked in wonderment; "ain't you glad?"

"I'm *mighty* glad, Jamesy," she said, the little, thin hands reaching for his own. "Guess I'm *too* glad, 'cause I can't do nothin' on'y jist *feel* glad; and somepin' kind o' says that that's the gladdest glad in all the world. Jamesy!"

"Oh, pshaw, Sis! Why don't you tell a feller what's the *matter*?" said the boy, uneasily.

The white hands linked more closely with the brown, and the pure face lifted to the grimy one till they were blent together in a kiss.

"Be good to father, fer you know he used to be so good to us."

"O Sis! Sis!"

"Molly!"

The squabby, red-faced woman threw herself upon her knees and kissed the thin hands wildly and with sobs.

"Molly, somepin' kind o' says that *you* must dress me in the morning—but I won't need the hat, and you must take it home for Nannie—. Don't cry so loud; you'll wake father."

I bent my head down above the frowzy one and moaned—moaned.

"And you, sir," went on the failing voice, reaching for my hand, "you—you must take this money back—you must take it back, fer I don't need it. You must take it back and—and—give it—give it to the poor." And even with the utterance upon the gracious lips the glad soul leaped and fluttered through the open gates.

THE SNOW-SHOWER

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of the frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover a while in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play.
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;

There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all—
 Flake after flake—
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
 From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
 Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
 Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
 Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
 They fling themselves from their shadowy height
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh:
 Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
 Flake after flake—
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
A gleam of blue on the water lies ;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies,
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen ;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Wessep, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure, and of few deeds. We can not find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another small, but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness. What others effect by talent or by eloquence, this man accomplishes by some magnetism. "Half his strength he put not forth." His victories are by demonstration of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers, because his arrival alters the face of affairs. "'O Iole! how did you know that Hercules was a god?' 'Because,' answered Iole, 'I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did.'" Man, ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached, and that awkwardly, to the world he lives in, in these examples appears to share the life of things, and to be an expression of the same laws which control the tides and the sun, numbers and quantities.

From *Character*.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE RIDE OF THE THREE THOUSAND

BY HENRY SCOTT CLARK

My active career as a soldier was at an end, as time proved, but it chanced that I was to play a part—small though it was—in the closing act of the ill-starred enterprise by which so many were undone. Of that I shall speak; but before I do so I must tell how it fared with those from whom I had been separated by the treachery of Vawter.

So far as concerned that locality where my mother lived I had been willing enough to remain more an on-looker than to be a participant in events. But once beyond it I can truthfully assert that I would have taken my place with my fellows without any qualms of conscience, and with no motive for action than the commands of my general. As it is, it almost seems to me—so keen was my interest—that I galloped with them along the roads by which they made their desperate progress, and that I participated in the misfortunes by which they were at last overwhelmed.

The advance felt its way toward Corydon that first morning in Indiana, and well in front were my own men, contrary to what I had planned for them. But of that they were ignorant. A few hundred legionaries, with a courage far greater than their strength, sought to check this audacious rebel host. From their rude, hastily constructed breastworks they sent forth a very gallant fire. But it was snuffed out like a match in a tempest, and the men who pulled the triggers were first enveloped in the cloud of gray, then disarmed and cast aside. This was the first obstacle since the invasion was

accomplished. And how soon it came! Though failing to do more, it did cause a little delay, and delay in such a situation is everything. Even then the thousands of blue-garbed pursuers were at Brandenburg.

Onward! Through the town clattered the rebel hoofs and rumbled the rebel cannon, and the great game of "fox and geese" was under way. What a fluttering of wings it was, what consternation, and yet what a determination arose to run this gray fox to earth!

The next morning, Salem, fifty miles inland, and two hundred removed from any hope of help! Already thousands had hurried to arms and other thousands were concentrating for hasty equipment. Behind, the roads shook with the tread of the cavalry that had followed from the south. Against this one, a dozen generals were laying plans, organizing and transporting forces. Half-frantic telegrams were passing over the hot wires between Louisville, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, and countless lesser places. Alarm bells were ringing in every town and village and hamlet.

The enemy must be cornered. But the gray fox knew how to turn and to wind in and out, never losing his direction. And he also knew how to show his teeth. Reports of his movements conflicted and put him first here and then there, and the bewildered foes knew not where to strike. They made ready at many places and moved according to their information. Country people and townsmen along the invader's track were in a state of alarm bordering on panic. Not accustomed to beholding any considerable body of soldiers, and none that were hostile, they vastly overrated the number of my general's men. Besides, they were expecting to have their throats cut, and an expectation of this character is not conducive to a calm judgment of things and events.

On and on, under the blazing summer sun, with little sleep and little rest! As by magic, the whole population knew that three thousand horsemen were running a race—the most astounding race

in history—with death or captivity the penalty for losing; a race with the telegraph and steam cars, and the unnumbered foes that growled about them and behind them and forced them on. And far ahead other hosts were gathering to harry them and to drive them this way and that.

The atmosphere was charged with excitement and fear, and danger lurked everywhere. Unharvested wheat stood overripe and neglected in the fields. Husbandmen had suddenly become soldiers, and in masses were being rushed here and there along the invader's track. Never did pioneers work with such desperate energy clearing the primeval forest as did men now work to block with felled trees the roads that they had taken such pains to make. The sound of the ax, the crash of falling trees, mingled with the shouts of men, the clatter of shod hoofs and the crack of guns. Far aloft spread the smoke of burning bridges, destroyed by the general to hinder his enemies.

The fox must be hemmed in. But not yet was it to be. He did not fear the legionaries or raw recruits, numberless as they were. It was the foe behind, and those other well-trained soldiers hastening up from the war region and rising like a cloud far in his front, for whom he was on the lookout. The broad river was on his right hand, and it was now alive with armed craft ready to pounce upon him if he should attempt to recross. On his left, for hundreds of miles to the northward, was a country filled with enemies desiring his destruction. In opposition to these conditions was the fertile brain and daring spirit of one man and the strong arms of his faithful followers.

North Vernon, Versailles and Sunman Station! It was now Monday morning, and four days since the river was crossed—days of hard riding and strategy, with scant time for rest. The beginning of a new week; what would the end be? The air was filled now with murmurings of rapidly concentrating foes pouring forward

from the middle North in excited streams like the rising tides of the sea. The alarm bells had aroused the people. From shop and store and field, from office and counting room, they came, eager, untried, and with nerves tremulous with tension.

What way would the fox turn? He did not turn. Straight ahead he rode, passing the Indiana border and thundering upon the highways of Ohio. And now ninety miles in a day and a night he went, while on his right two Unionist forces, each in the darkness believing the other to be the invader, fell into furious conflict and drenched the soil they were there to defend with their own blood.

On and on he swept, brushing aside one foe and eluding another, defying the telegraph, the steam cars, the dozen generals, the swarming thousands—night and day, day and night. His men were of iron, but iron will break when eaten by rust, and into these men was eating the rust of tremendous exertion without rest. There was no time for recuperation, no time to replace the vitality that was being constantly expended.

A few of the weaker dropped from their saddles and were picked up from the wayside by pursuers, some of whom were now treading on their very heels. At halts others fell into the slumber of exhaustion from which their officers could arouse them with difficulty. But once in the saddle again, they pressed on with mocking laughter for their foes and hearts beating high with courage. Their chief was in the van, and what he could endure they would endure, and where he led they would follow as long as they could keep their leaden feet in the stirrups.

On, for six days more, through storm and shine they rode. It was the first day of the new week, Sunday. They had drawn toward the river Ohio, now in unseasonable flood, a yellow, rushing, foaming barrier between them and the more friendly Kentucky. It seemed that God was against them. Here was Buffington Island where the general had thought to cross, but here also his enemies

lay in wait to thwart him, to drive him back. And here they fought, these wearied men—these men almost dead in their saddles—with these others, fought and died. On again, but there were hundreds of their fellows who could not follow.

Only twelve hundred were left of the three thousand. But the foe followed, that foe which crossed at Brandenburg, as determined and hardy as the quarry he was pursuing. And other opposers poured forth from every town and village and middle-west army post, on foot and horseback and railway train. They patrolled the highways; they watched from hill and tree-top; and they waited in wood and field the coming of the presumptuous rebel.

A great roar filled the midsummer air, growing louder day by day. The earth shook under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the raider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was foredoomed to failure and disaster, but he was winning the future admiration of the world, and the present respect of those who were straining every nerve and muscle and brain cell to bring about his overthrow. But not yet was it accomplished.

The same day, twenty miles above Buffington Island he came again to the margin of the broad river. Here he resolved to breast its sweeping flood. Orders were given and the men rode in as they would ride upon the green sward or upon the dusty road, reckless of risk and danger. Those in advance were far out toward the southern shore when the gunboats of the Federals suddenly appeared. The general himself was in midstream, his powerful horse swimming gallantly. Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy's fire that was now being directed against them, against him and those about him, against those others now nearing

the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hail of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end.

Only eight hundred were now left to him of the three thousand, and these eight hundred pressed on again. The sun went down but still they pressed on, through the twilight and into the night to a point off Blennerhasset's Island, where three score years before Aaron Burr unfolded to the English scholar his plans for a south-western empire.

Not so quiet as then were these somber shores. Coming from all directions, even from the south where lay the river, its bosom shimmering under the lights of the armed patrols, were the pursuing hunters, who now believed that the object of the chase was surrounded and without chance of escape. They moved in and shut off all means of egress, save on one side where an abrupt mountain barred the way like a mighty wall which no man, they thought, would dare attempt to scale. One man did dare and eight hundred followed, in single file, in the darkness. Up and up, stumbling, falling; up and up, winding around, and then down and down and away, while the foe awaited the coming of the dawn to finish the work of destruction.

On again, toward the east, rode these men so desperately tired and so desperately beset. For six days more they moved, sometimes thrown to the right or to the left, sometimes hurled back, hampered, harassed, but forward toward the east. A cloud of dust marked their march and revealed their presence, and other clouds of dust rose to mark the paths of the hunters.

It is incredible that men can endure what these men suffered. They were in the saddle twenty-one hours out of each twenty-four. From day to day they were killed or captured, singly or in groups. Everywhere they were met by fresh companies of legionaries which swarmed and buzzed about them, and often darted upon the flanks

or upon the rear and stung. The uproar and confusion increased; the shouts of men, the trampling of hoofs, the rattle of equipment, and the guns and sabers of the onrushing thousands flashed and gleamed in the blistering sun.

But the grim man in gray rode on. Until he was overthrown there would be no rest for pursuers or pursued. What mattered it that his force had been bitten and torn until only a weary fragment remained? It was the leader who was important, not his followers—this bold chieftain who so often had ridden far and wide unchecked. And just now the president of the United States, the great Lincoln, was making anxious inquiries as to his whereabouts.

Another Sunday dawned, the twenty-sixth of July. Far in eastern Ohio rode three hundred men—three hundred of the three thousand, and many of these, feverish almost to delirium from wounds received in fierce fights on previous days, reeled in their saddles as they went. They were two miles beyond the village of Gavers, the general at the front of his scant column.

What meant that hurtling cloud of dust ahead? And what meant that yellow cloud of dust behind and that other rising over the Highlandtown road? Nearer and nearer approached these signs of the enemy. The scant column came to a halt, and, as it did so, across the fields dashed the Unionist cavalry. From every direction, it seemed, they streamed toward these hundred men in such numbers that it was folly to resist.

The gray fox was cornered at last in the open, but he had led a long chase. He surrendered to a man believed by him to be a captain of militia, and made quick terms for parole. These terms the Union general would not allow, whereupon Morgan demanded that he be put upon the field again where he was, and avowed that he would fight them to the end. But this was the end; the race had been run. Beneath his horse's feet five hundred heart-breaking miles had sped. The telegraph, the steam cars, the dozen generals,

the swarming thousands, had won, and for the losers who lived there was only the prison.

Was anything accomplished by them save their own destruction? I will answer, yes; the victory six weeks later by Bragg's Confederate army in the great battle of Chickamauga, when the two forces there engaged lost more than thirty thousand men.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

BY JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

A MAN IN LOVE WITH THE SOIL

BY PAUL LELAND HAWORTH

One December day, in the year of 1788, a Virginia gentleman sat before his desk in his mansion beside the Potomac writing a letter. He was a man of fifty-six, evidently tall and of strong figure, but with shoulders a trifle stooped, enormously large hands and feet, sparse grayish-chestnut hair, a countenance somewhat marred by lines of care and marks of smallpox, withal benevolent and honest-looking—the kind of man to whom one could entrust the inheritance of a child with the certainty that it would be carefully administered and scrupulously accounted for to the very last sixpence.

The letter was addressed to an Englishman, by name Arthur Young, the foremost scientific farmer of his day, editor of the *Annals of Agriculture*, author of many books, of which the best remembered is his *Travels in France* on the eve of the French Revolution, which is still read by every student of that stirring era.

“The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs,” such were the words that flowed from the writer’s pen, “the better I am pleased with them; insomuch, that I can no where find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it, by the more uninterrupted career of conquests.”

Thus wrote George Washington in the fulness of years, honors and experience. Surely in this age of crimson mists we can echo his correspondent that it was a “noble sentiment, which does honor

to the heart of this truly great man." Happy America to have had such a philosopher as a father!

"I think with you that the life of a husbandman is the most delectable," he wrote on another occasion to the same friend. "It is honorable, it is amusing, and, with judicious management, it is profitable. To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill and bounty of the laborer fills a contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed."

The earliest Washington arms had blazoned upon it "3 Cinque foiles," which was the herald's way of saying that the bearer owned land and was a farmer. When Washington made a book-plate he added to the old design spears of wheat to indicate what he once called "the most favorite amusement of my life." Evidently he had no fear of being called a "clodhopper" or a "hayseed!"

Nor was his enthusiasm for agriculture the evanescent enthusiasm of the man who in middle age buys a farm as a plaything and tries for the first time the costly experiment of cultivating the soil. He was born on a plantation, was brought up in the country and until manhood he had never even seen a town of five thousand people. First he was a surveyor, and so careful and painstaking was he that his work still stands the test. Later he became a soldier, and there is evidence to show that at first he enjoyed the life and for a time had military ambitions. When Braddock's expedition was preparing he chafed at the prospect of inaction and welcomed the offer to join the general's staff, but the bitter experiences of the next few years, when he had charge of the herculean task of protecting the settlers upon the "cold and Barren Frontiers . . . from the cruel Incursions of a crafty Savage Enemy," destroyed his illusions about war. After the capture of Fort Duquesne had freed Virginia from danger he resigned his commission, married and made a home. Soon after he wrote to an English kinsman who had invited him to visit London: "I am now, I believe, fixed at this seat with an agreeable Consort for Life. And hope to find

more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst a wide bustling world."

Thereafter he quitted the quiet life always with reluctance. Amid long and trying years he constantly looked forward to the day when he could lay down his burden and retire to the peace and freedom of Mount Vernon, there to take up again the task of farming. As Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Revolution and as first President of the Republic he gave the best that was in him—and it was always good enough—but more from a sense of duty than because of any real enthusiasm for the rôle of either soldier or statesman. We can well believe that it was with heart-felt satisfaction that soon after independence was at last assured he wrote to his old comrade-in-arms, the Marquis de Chastellux: "I am at length become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac where, under my own vine and fig-tree free from the bustle of a camp and the intrigues of a court, I shall view the busy world with calm indifference, and with serenity of mind, which the soldier in pursuit of glory, and the statesman of a name, have not leisure to enjoy."

George Washington did not affect the rôle of a Cincinnatus; he took it in all sincerity and simpleness of heart because he loved it.

Nor was he the type of farmer—of whom we have too many—content to vegetate like a lower organism, making scarcely more mental effort than one of his own potatoes, parsnips or pumpkins. He was one of the first American experimental agriculturists, always alert for better methods, willing to take any amount of pains to find the best fertilizer, the best way to avoid plant diseases, the best methods of cultivation, and he once declared that he had little patience with those content to tread the ruts their fathers trod. If he were alive to-day, we may be sure that he would be an active worker in farmers' institutes, an eager visitor to agricultural colleges, a reader of scientific reports and an enthusiastic promoter of anything tending to better American farming and farm life.

MONSEIGNEUR

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Monseigneur, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris.

Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshipers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lackey carried the chocolate pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where

the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favored!—always was for England (by way of example) in the regretted days of the Merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way—tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran, “The earth and the fullness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur.”

Yet Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself perforce with a Farmer-General. As to finances public, because Monseigneur could not make anything at all of them, and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmers-General were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent while there was yet time to ward off the impending veil, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer-General, poor in family. Which Farmer-General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before by mankind—always excepting

superior mankind of the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own wife included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer-General—howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality—was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day.

For the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were in truth not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, but that the watching towers of Notre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business—if that could have been anybody's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers destitute of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship; civil officers without a notion of affairs; brazen ecclesiastics, of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives; all totally unfit for their several callings, all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them, but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which anything was to be got—these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with anything that was real, or with lives passed in traveling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of dainty remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed, smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chamber of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little

evils with which the State was touched, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, poured their distracting babble into any ears they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodeling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time—and has ever since—to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris, that the Spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur—forming a goodly half of the polite company—would have found it hard to discover among the angels of that sphere one solitary wife who in her manners and appearance owned to being a mother. Indeed, except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world—which does not go far towards the realization of mother—there was no such thing known to the fashion. Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close, and brought them up; and charming grandmammas of sixty dressed and supped as at twenty.

The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had, for a few years, some vague misgivings in them that things in general were going rather wrong. As a promising way of setting them right, half of the half-dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists, and were even then considering within themselves whether they should foam, rage, roar, and turn cataleptic on the spot—thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future for Monseigneur's guidance. Besides these Dervishes were other three who had rushed

into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth:" holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth which did not need much demonstration—but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on—and it did a world of good which never became manifest.

But the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day, everybody there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzling and powdering and sticking-up of hair, such delicate complexions artificially preserved and mended, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honor to the sense of smell, would surely keep anything going for ever and ever. The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows), the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner; who in pursuance of the charm was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel—the axe was a rarity—Monsieur Paris,—as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monsieur Orleans and the rest, to call him,—presided in this dainty

dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception in that seventeen-hundred-and-eightieth year of our Lord could possibly doubt that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white-silk-stockinged, would see the very stars out!

Monseigneur, having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to the bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven—which may have been one among other reasons why the worshipers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There Monseigneur turned and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little storm, and the precious little bells went ringing down-stairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the Devil!"

With that, he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down-stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints,

the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went down-stairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face or to the lips of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that in the narrow streets without foot-ways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind; and why not? But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people can not

take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses? Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder sobbing and crying and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it and could afford to pay for it, when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge, the vendor of wine, had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was groveling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again and gave the word, "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball—when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule,

time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetables substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency towards an appearance of vegetating unwillingly—a dejected disposition to give up and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his traveling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the traveling carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson. “It will die out,” said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, “directly.”

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it, used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor

tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Expressive signs of what made them poor were not wanting; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was that there was any village left unswallowed.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of his postilions' whips, which twined snake-like about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his traveling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He looked at them, and saw in them, without knowing it, the slow sure filing down of misery-worn face and figure, that was to make the meagerness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

“Bring me hither that fellow!” said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honor of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveler.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over—like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a specter, tall as a specter!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd;

but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps to observe whether he had any specter on his conscience.

"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the postmaster and some other taxing functionary, united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow?—where is that Accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hillside, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half-dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually it subsided to a foot pace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postil-

ions, with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial-ground, with a Cross and a new large figure of our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carver, but he had studied the figure from the life—his own life, maybe—for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage door.

"It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition."

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, Monseigneur looked out.

"How, then! What is it? Always petitions!"

"Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester."

"What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He can not pay something?"

"He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead."

"Well! He is quiet. Can I restore him to you?"

"Alas, no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass."

"Well!"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass!"

"Again, well?"

She looked an old woman, but was young. Her manner was one of passionate grief; by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy, and laid one of them on the

carriage door—tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

“Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want.”

“Again, well? Can I feed them?”

“Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don’t ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband’s name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise the place will be quickly forgotten; it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady; I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass. . . Monseigneur, they are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!”

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace; she was left far behind, and Monseigneur, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his château.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a specter as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little casements; which lights, as the casements darkened, and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his château was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

It was a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it when it was finished two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau-preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-buildings away among the trees. All else was so quiet that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burnt as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin; for it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall grim with certain old boar-spears, swords, and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and riding-whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms; his bedchamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter-time and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in

a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break—the fourteenth Louis—was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the château's four extinguisher-topped towers. A small lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone-color.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup; and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone color.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good!" said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He

was half-way through it, when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the château.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-house, as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary; I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long as a servant was present, no other words passed between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that

took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that; the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, sir," pursued the nephew, "for anything I know you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle pleasantly.

"But, however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. "Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, and

had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a *lettre de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honor of families, these slight favors that might so incommode you are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room, many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom) one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter—his daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be, of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the

modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew, in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country around about us, which looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike than was comfortable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the château as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found that shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit, forever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honor and

repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"An hour if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"We have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honorable family, whose honor is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that!" said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger,—they were now standing by the hearth,—“you will forever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once again he touched him on the breast, as though his fingers were the fine point of a small sword, with which in delicate finesse he ran him through the body, and said, "My friend, I will die perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but is it, yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it had passed to me from you to-morrow—"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"—or twenty years hence—"

"You do me too much honor," said the Marquis; "still I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin!"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing around the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again in a well satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who can not leave it, and who have been long wrung to the last point of endurance, may in another generation suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, sir, is safe for me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said that my prospering there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a refuge there? A doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good night."

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner, there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin straight lips, and the markings in the nose, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone

fence outside the château as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good night," said the uncle. "I'll look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose. Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber, there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet come and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slipped feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger;—and looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either going off or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the woman bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool now," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, the dogs barked, and the owl made a

noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to the owl by men-poets. But it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what is set down for them.

For three heavy hours the stone faces of the château, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads. The burial-place had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from one another; the figure on the Cross might have come down, for anything that could be seen of it. In the villages, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the château dropped unseen and unheard—both melting away like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. The gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the château seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and on the weather-beaten sill of the great window of the bed-chamber of Monsieur the Marquis, one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this, the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed, and with open mouth and dropped underjaw, looked awe-stricken.

Now the sun was full up, and the movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering—chilled, as yet, by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some to the fountain; some to the fields; men and women

here to dig and delve; men and women there to see to the poor livestock, and lead the bony cows out to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at its foot. The château awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar-spears and knives of the chase had been reddened as of old; then had gleamed the trenchant in the morning sunshine; now doors and windows were thrown open, horses in their stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains and reared, impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life and the return of the morning. Surely not so the ringing of the great bell of the château, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there, and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to pick at, on a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance, dropped one over him as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering low, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. The led cows, hastily brought in and tethered to anything that would hold them, were looking stupidly on, or lying down chewing the cud of noth-

ing particularly repaying their trouble, which they had picked up in their interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the château, and some of those of the post-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way that was highly fraught with nothing. Already the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was), at a gallop, like a new version of the German ballad of *Leonora*? It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the château.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face wanting; the stone face for which it had waited through about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly started, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:—

“Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from Jacques.”

From A Tale of Two Cities.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

From The Arsenal at Springfield.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MORTALITY

BY WILLIAM KNOX

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that the mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who have beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ay! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The squire paused for a few moments, and looked around with an air of inexpressible benignity. The beauty of the day was of itself sufficient to inspire philanthropy. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, the sun in his cloudless journey had acquired sufficient power to melt away the thin covering of snow from every southern declivity, and bring out the living green which adorns an English landscape even in midwinter. Large tracts of smiling verdure contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the shaded slopes and hollows. Every sheltered bank, on which the broad rays rested, yielded its silver rill of cold and limpid water, glittering through the dripping grass; and sent up slight exhalations to contribute to the thin haze that hung just above the surface of the earth. There was something truly cheering in this triumph of warmth and verdure over the frosty thralldom of winter; it was, as the squire observed, an emblem of Christmas hospitality.

From Christmas Day.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

BY JOHN RUSKIN

I

How the Agricultural System of the Black Brothers was interfered with by South-West Wind, Esquire

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out-of-doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They never went to mass, grumbled perpetually at paying tithes, and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean

the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight: only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind. There it came again, very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes; his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth; and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In doing so he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung

down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again, like a mill stream.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head by this time so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold; and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself

down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders; and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but—but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't

care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay, what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but at the instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such

a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half-frightened out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window at the same instant a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—Bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was!—howling wind and rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe spinning round, and bobbing

up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish. Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words,—

SOUTH WEST.

WIND ESQUIRE

II

Of the Proceedings of the Three Brothers after the Visit of South-West Wind, Esquire; and how little Gluck had an Interview with the King of the Golden River

South-West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related he entered the Treasure Valley no

more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal; and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed

to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice close to his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There

was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him; but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up-stairs and down-stairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment—"Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in. Yes, he was right; it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his

old friend the mug, a thousand times redder' and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately; "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended—they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative in expression of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned

his small sharp eyes full on Gluck and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might, indeed, be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively—"no it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger

king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him—"oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III

How Mr. Hans set off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which,

of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which Gluck adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

- Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his

basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was indeed a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced in long level rays through their fringes of spearlike pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of

gushing water—not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced: the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame; and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted. Glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his

belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half-empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snakelike shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair.

"Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly—"water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of blood-red light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE

IV

How Mr. Schwartz set off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he

should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So he got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rock, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

"Water indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water.

"Water indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. "Ha, ha!" laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet as he passed he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And when he had gone a few yards farther he looked back, but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over the Two Black Stones.

V

How little Gluck set off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein; with other Matters of Interest

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers when he saw an old man coming down the path above him looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began

singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks—bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light than Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet when he had climbed for another hour his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the king, and his gold, too!" said Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disap-

peared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right," for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven, and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air—the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves

were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And for him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

BY LEIGH HUNT

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul;
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
And leave thy shell on life's unresting sea.

From *The Chambered Nautilus*.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ENOCH ARDEN

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a molder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill,
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-drawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next ;
 While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week :
 "This is my house and this my little wife."
 "Mine, too," said Philip, "turn and turn about."
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger made
 Was master ; then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
 But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him :
 But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes,
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself

Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas :
And all men look'd upon him favorably :
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil ;

With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven : thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
 In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell :
 A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one :
 Another hand crept too across his trade
 Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,

To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sailed,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing; yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—What to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder! Go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Becoming the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,

Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all;
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will;
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear

Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said:
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard
And almost hoped herself; but when he'd turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing

On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke : "O Enoch, you are wise ;
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more."
 "Well then" said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail on passes here
 (He named the day) ; get you a seaman's glass,
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes ; and till I come again,
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
 And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
 Is he not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
 Can I go from him ? and the sea is His,
 The sea is His ; He made it."

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
 "Wake him not ; let him sleep : how should the child

Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain; perhaps
She could not fix the glass, to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
For more than once in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it

With all a mother's art: nevertheless,
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long,
 "Surely" said Philip "I may see her now,
 May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face.
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
 "Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,
 "Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her:

"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been or yours; that was his wish.
And if he come again, vex will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost,
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do,
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd, "I can not look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd

"Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd,

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,

And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,

Then calling down a blessing on his head

Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,

And past into the little garth beyond.

So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,

And bought them needful books, and every way,

Like one who does his duty by his own,

Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,

Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish

And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent

Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,

The late and early roses from his wall,

Or conies from the down, and now and then,

With some pretext of fineness in the meal

To save the offence of charitable, flour

From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:

Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,

Out of full heart and boundless gratitude

Light on a broken word to thank him with.

But Philip was her children's all-in-all;

From distant corners of the street they ran

To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him,
"Come with us Father Philip," he denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing "Let me rest" she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge

To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost" he said, "the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite!" And Annie said,
"I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke,
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I can not help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—

I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father; I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
“You have been as God's good angel in our house,
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be even loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?”
“I am content” he answer'd “to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “O” she cried
Scared as it were, “dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!” Philip sadly said,
“Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.” “Nay” she cried
“I am bound: you have my promise—in a year:
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?”
And Philip answer'd, “I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.
"Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that life-long hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,

Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worst in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign, "my Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there; she closed the Book and slept:

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone" she thought "he is happy, he is singing.
Hosanna in the highest; yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
Hosanna in the highest!" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship *Good Fortune*, tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly riding eastward, shook

And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.
No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than a boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,

A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere

Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot like it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue,
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook

His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either havens open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the high-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: any one,

Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed,
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost!"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, "Cast away and lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.
For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees,
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
 Caught at it and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.
 Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,

And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know,
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself,
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore

Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"
 He said to Miriam "that you spoke about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam, "fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time;" and Enoch set himself
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labor for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully,
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despaired of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking, "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous half-hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again
"My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve.
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,

Fast flow'd the current of her easy tear.,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied.

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her,
And tell my son that I died blessing him,
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if the children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,

And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice "a sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong heroic soul away,
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

The first thing that I feel about high moral courage made general among mankind is, how much picturesqueness it would give to life. As when the prince came into the sleeping castle and kissed the princess, and every sleep was broken and the wheels of life began with clatter and delight, so would it be if duty, the best of all princes, should come in among us all.

From *Courage*.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

REPLY TO MR. CRAM

Friend and Brother,—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit and him only!

Brother, this council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You have requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy; for we now consider that we stand upright before you and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you now as one man. Our minds are agreed.

Brother, you say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little and tell you what our fathers have told us and what we heard from the white people.

Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to

produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed upon this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them; granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

Brother, our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country; but you are not satisfied. You want to force your religion upon us.

Brother, continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and that we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us, as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only

know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why are you not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied.

Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

Brother, you say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collect money from the meeting. I can not tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for your minister, and, if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect

your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

Red Jacket.

Lo, with what clear omen in the east
On day's gray threshold stands the eager dawn,
Like young Leander rosy from the sea
Glowing at Hero's lattice!

One day more
These muttering shoalbrains leave the helm to me:
God, let me not in their dull ooze be stranded;
Let not this one frail bark, to hollow which
I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart
Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off
His cheek-swollen mates, and from the leaning mast
Fortune's full sail strains forward!

One poor day!—
Remember whose and not how short it is!
It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.

From *Columbus*.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MODJESKA

BY HELENA MODJESKA

In the fall of 1876 I arrived in California, accompanied by my husband and son. We settled in a little farming colony, but our artistic temperament was ill-fitted to meet the every-day exigencies of a roughing, far-western ranch life. The exhaustion of our material resources soon compelled us to exchange our dreams of peace for a new struggle for life.

To confess the truth I was regretting my artistic career. Not only did I think of it during the day, but at night dreams of the theater haunted my couch. It was in vain that I endeavored to divert this monomania by calling the horses and dogs with names of my repertoire, and by reciting the most effective bits of my parts to the chickens and ducks when feeding them. Instead of assuaging my longing, I only succeeded in making it more poignant.

Oppressed by this continual brooding, and having lost my illusions in regard to the prosperity of our colony, I formed the bold decision to go to San Francisco to study English, and try my forces on the American stage. Hardly was the plan formed, before it was put into execution. The traditional Polish Christmas Eve meal was partaken in Anaheim with our whole colony, but the New Year 1877 found me already in San Francisco. There I met several Polish friends, and in the house of one of them, Captain Bielawski, made my first abode.

When I communicated my plans to them, they seemed frightened at my boldness, and their fear acted like cold water on my enthusiasm. I could speak but a few words of English, and even those

were entirely mispronounced. All my knowledge had been acquired by a few lessons taken in Warsaw a few weeks before my departure, according to the method of Ollendorf. I had learned phrases like this: "Did you see my hat?" "No, but I have seen the books of your brother-in-law," etc., etc. On the steamer and during my short stay in Anaheim we held ourselves secluded, and if we happened to talk to a stranger, it was mostly in French or German. I made a sad blunder the first day on the steamer; desiring some soup at the dining-table, I asked the waiter for "soap." It made me diffident of my pronunciation for a long time.

As I said above, all my Polish friends dissuaded me strongly from my bold attempt; and their arguments seemed conclusive. Several of them had acquired the English language and spoke it like natives, but, then, they had spent twenty years or more in the United States. One of them, an excellent old gentleman, known all over California as the Old Captain, had come to America before 1840. He had been almost forty years in this country, understood and knew the language perfectly, but had a pronunciation of his own. He said "housband" instead of husband; "vyter and alvise," instead of waiter and always. "Why should I break my tongue and adopt a spelling which is not based upon any phonetic rules, but merely upon fancy? I pronounce according to my own taste, and yet people understand me," he would say.

The example of the Old Captain was not encouraging. Why should I succeed, where a man of culture, who had spent the greater part of his life here, had failed. At the bottom of this lack of courage, there was the innate Slavonian diffidence. As a modern French writer says in substance, we Slavs are not well equipped for the struggle of life. A majority of our race, and in the first place, my own nationality, belongs to the vanquished of modern history. We do not possess that superb confidence in our own forces, which is the beginning of success. We do not believe with sufficient energy

in our lucky star, in the superiority of our country above all others, in the complicity of the God of armies in our battles. With us patriotism is not aggressive, and it is not circumscribed by certain well fixed geographical limits. It is more like a family feeling, a brotherhood of common suffering. It has reached its present exaltation through resistance to oppression. There are in our patriotism more elements of resignation than of national conceit.

It was then, I suppose, this common feature of our race, which made my friends so timorous as to the result of my attempt. Personally I was not unaffected by its influence. In times gone by, while I was in Poland, it had prevented me from accepting invitations to foreign stages. As far as 1869, two of the most prominent French dramatic authors, MM. A. Dumas' son and Legouve, had urged me to try my fortunes on the French stage. I was sorely tempted to do so, as I possessed some knowledge of the language, and it would have been comparatively easy to complete my study of it. That a success in Paris could assure a reputation through the whole world, was well known to me. But my diffidence was stronger than my ambition. The appreciation of my countrymen seemed to satisfy all my desire for glory, and I refused the invitation.

And now, in San Francisco, I had to deafen my ears to that lurking voice in the deep recess of my heart, that whispered to me: "Beware"; however, necessity, which is the mother not only of invention, but also of enterprise, stimulated my ambition and my longings for a return to the boards. Besides I suppose those misgivings, inherent to my Polish nature, were counterbalanced in me to a degree, by a dash of venturesome spirit, the result of some drops of gypsy blood inherited from a Hungarian grandmother.

I assumed an air of calm self-assurance very much in contrast with my innermost perplexities, and quieted the anxieties of my friends.

I at once began to prepare for my work. I was stopping at the

house of Mr. Bielawski, kind old gentleman, whose wife was an English lady, and in whose house only English was spoken. My first teacher was a German. In a few weeks I could converse a little in English, but with a strong German accent.

In the middle of February my husband and son joined me in San Francisco and from that time either one or the other remained with me. We took private lodgings, and I changed my teacher. By a singular stroke of good fortune, I happened to meet a young lady of Polish extraction but born in America, Miss Tuholsky, who spoke excellent English. She consented to give me a daily lesson of one hour, but through her friendliness this hour lasted the whole day. From eight in the morning till eight in the evening we toiled together with hardly any interruption.

I began at once to study the part of Adrienne in the language which was to be henceforth my own. After a short time I felt sure I should be able to master the tongue sufficiently to accomplish my self-imposed task.

This point being settled in my mind, another perplexity began to agitate me. Shall I succeed? How will my acting be received by these audiences, so strange to me? I had occasion to see some excellent actors, as Charles Coghlan, William Florence, and above all, Edwin Booth, whose performance encouraged me. Dramatic art, as represented by those exponents, appeared to me as being the same in America as in Europe. But I saw also some bad acting, and its success frightened me. And then, will not my lack of familiarity with the language interfere with my performance? Will not my foreign accent, my native intonation, render my utterances ridiculous? Shall I be accepted and recognized, or only laughed at? How often did I brood over it, looking at the waves of the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, and thinking if I should fail, they would tender me the welcome denied to me by the inhabitants of this foreign country.

Another more urgent and more practical question arose,—How should I obtain an opening? By the kind intermediation of General Kryanovski, a countryman of mine who had made himself a position in the United States Army during the Civil War, and of his friend Governor Salomon, I became acquainted during my first passage through San Francisco in October, 1876, with John McCullough, then manager of the California Theater. Mr. McCullough had been very courteous to me, but unfortunately he was absent from town in the first part of the summer of 1877, when I presented myself at the theater. His place was occupied by his partner and stage manager. This gentleman had never heard of me, and simply took me for one of those ambitious amateurs, whom every manager meets by hundreds, and whose importunities interfere greatly with his daily business. He always avoided talking English to me, and answered me in French. Supposing I was a lady of society struck with a strong attack of stage fever, he did not much credit the story of my theatrical experience in Poland. I had not many scrap-books with me, as I never indulged much in collections of press comments, and what I had were written in Polish and not intelligible to him. True, I had a letter from the younger Dumas, quite complimentary and written in French; but unfortunately it was not explicit enough, and the compliments based on hearsay, so it did not destroy the incredulity of Mr. Hill, though it may have shaken it a little. Bitter experience both with foreign actors and amateurs, perfectly justified the manager's reluctance to listen to one whom he knew to be a foreigner and suspected to be an amateur.

How often did I call without being received at the manager's office! How often, when I happened to meet him, was I dismissed with a few polite words which, although not put in the shape of a direct refusal, did not, however, contain any satisfactory promise. To my sense of increasing discouragement was joined a feeling of

profound humiliation. I could not forget my success in the old country. I had been, in fact, a regular stage queen, and now to realize that I was nobody, was a sensation akin to that of a royal *déchéance*.

In the meantime, however, my friends interceded with the management in my behalf. General Kryanovski, Governor Salomon, and Colonel Hinton, a newspaper man who had heard me recite in Polish, and with an enthusiasm inherent in his noble nature, had espoused my cause, urged the manager so much that at last he consented to give me a hearing. It seemed somehow strange to me to have to pass through this kind of examination, but I was only too glad to perceive even a slight ray of hope.

When I arrived at the manager's office with my teacher, Miss Tuholsky, he looked a perfect picture of resignation, expecting a dreadful bore. "I can only give you ten minutes," he said, "but you will excuse me if I am sincere and severe."

"Very well, but please be attentive and don't interrupt me." I played for him the last act of *Adrienne*, most of which is a soliloquy. Miss Tuholsky gave me the cues, and the stage was a small office, with one chair for all the furniture.

When I had finished, I asked: "Well, will you give me a night in your theater?"

"You can have a whole week or more if you desire it."

The manager had been moved, and a thrill passed through me when I saw him furtively wiping his eyes.

This occurred at the end of July, 1877, five months after the beginning of my lessons. Fortunately, a few days afterward, Mr. McCullough arrived. The manager must have made a favorable report to him, for I soon received a summons to a rehearsal on the stage. The rehearsal of course succeeded better than the private hearing and Mr. McCullough seemed to be even more enthusiastic on my account than the temporary manager.

In a short time the papers announced the approaching appearance for a week in August of a new star, Helena Modjeska, a Polish actress.

Mr. McCullough and manager did everything in their power to assure my success. They gave me very good support. Mr. Tom Keene, then the leading man of the company, was an excellent Maurice De Saxe, and Mr. Henry B. Edwards played Michonnet, and a true and kind Michonnet he was to me on and off the stage.

When the day of my performance arrived, my friends were much more anxious than myself. I had lost that nervous fear, which I could not shake off in Poland. The satisfaction of treading again the boards of a theater, made me feel quite at home. The audience was not very large, but exceedingly well disposed and kind, and that helped, I am sure, to make the performance a smooth one.

The applause which I received sounded to me like a hearty welcome to the American stage. Next morning after reading the papers, and after the visits of a few managers, anxious to secure a new star, I could send to my husband (who was lying sick in the mountains of South California) a telegram containing one single word, "Victory."

A new career in a new country was opened to me, and the waves of the Bay of San Francisco no more called me to their cold embrace.

On a cold, gloomy morning of March, 1880, I found myself in London. There was no sun to welcome me and to lighten with its rays the sense of oppression which overcame me on my arrival. The immensity of the city, the massive structure of the buildings, the manifold appearances of enormous wealth and luxury, instead of appealing to my fancy and exciting my admiration, made me only realize my smallness, my nothingness. Everything appeared so strong, there seemed to be no place for the weak. Never in my life

have I felt myself so lost; and yet in comparison with my arrival in San Francisco I was less a stranger here. I had passed several times through London on my way to and from America. I had in England some acquaintances, and even some relatives. Lastly, my name had already figured favorably in the English papers, thanks to some American correspondents. And yet while my first landing on the American shore had been full of joyous anticipation, my arrival in London produced upon me a very decided despondency. Was it the difference in the atmosphere, the smoke and fog of London in the place of the bright sky and of that delightful balmy ozone one inhales with full lungs on the shores of the Pacific? Or, was it possibly the feeling, that America is a home open to the oppressed and the exiles of every nation, and that notwithstanding some slight attacks of knownothingism, it is always ready to broaden the scope of its civilization by new elements,—while England, in its insular seclusion, often looks down with contempt and scorn upon the efforts of human progress, when they appear outside the sacred soil of Albion? Was I moved by physical or philosophical influences? I could not say, but whencesoever they sprang, they gave to my forebodings a very somber color.

I had come to London in order to impress a final stamp upon my American achievement. My adoption of a new tongue would be, I thought, only justified definitely by the sanction acquired in the first home of that tongue. My American manager had promised to obtain a London engagement but his efforts had failed,—and it was written, that now as before I should have to struggle for it myself. Fate, though kind to me, never threw success in my way with open hands; I had always to wrest it by sheer effort. I shall not describe the difficulties we had to secure an engagement; it would be very much the repetition of the story given before, only

instead of applying to one theater, to one manager, I had to apply to a score of them.

When I had almost given up my project, and was balancing in my mind, whether to return to Poland or to America, I one day received a visit from a gentleman who brought me an offer to appear at the Court Theater. The house was then, fortunately for me, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the actor so popular on both sides of the Atlantic, who, among his other qualities, possesses a great spirit of enterprise and true generosity. He had heard some favorable comments of me from Mr. Charles Coghlan, whom I did not know personally, but who had seen me play in America.

Mr. Barrett's proposition was really nothing but the tendering of a kind and friendly hand to a sister artist. He was not urged to do it by any business consideration, as he had then on the boards of his theater a very good play, which would safely run the whole season: *The New and Old Love*, an adaptation of *The Banker's Daughter*,—possibly the success of an American drama inspired him with the hope for the success of an adopted American actress.

I need not say that the offer was joyfully and gratefully received. As *The New and Old Love* was then occupying the evenings of the Court, Mr. Barrett proposed me to play a week or two of matinees.

The selection of the play in which I was to appear took us some time. At last our choice fell upon a play called *Heartsease*.

The manager thought it well to excite public curiosity by posting large bills in conspicuous places, with nothing but "Modjeska" in monstrous big letters. Though my name had been mentioned in the papers, it was yet unknown to the great majority of people. "What is Modjeska? Is it alive?" was one of the questions I heard in a car. Some guessers thought it a tooth wash, or some exotic

cosmetic for the face. Even to the people whom I met socially, I remained a kind of unknown quantity. Only a few days previous to my appearance, at a reception given in my honor by a kind friend, I was approached by a lady who asked me in what language I was to perform.

The American correspondents were only of little avail to me, I fear. There was at that time a kind of distrust in London against American actors, and American praise. Englishmen were a little afraid of being taken in by Brother Jonathan.

Though on the new continent Anglomaniia had begun to spread through the large cities of the East, there was no such thing as Americomania in England at that time.

I had therefore uphill work before me. I was to overcome the natural distrust against a newcomer, a foreigner and an American—and the play selected by me might prove another obstacle, as it braved the English social prejudices, and preached the lesson of forgiveness in opposition to the morals of the day.

My first performance took place in the afternoon of the first day of May, 1880. The house was full. Through the influence of a Polish friend of my husband, who was attached to the person of the Prince of Wales, both the prince and princess were present. The rumor of their coming had helped to bring the representatives of fashionable society. The big letters of the posters had something to do with the filling of the galleries and pit.

What we feared as an obstacle, proved to be a help, and the pathetic story overcame all prejudices, melted the hearts of the public, and disposed them favorably to the newcomer. The reception was so warm and hearty I could hardly realize that I stood in the presence of cold-blooded Englishmen.

My performance soon became the fashion. Was I not the novelty of the day? The pit was converted into orchestra seats, my matinéés were replaced by evenings. In the stores appeared heartseases

in all shapes and kinds, the ticketsellers in town realized handsome premiums upon the seats to the Court Theater, and considered me as a favorite. Of course the lion hunters did not lose such an opportunity and from all sides assailed me with invitations to social gatherings.

I played *Heartsease* up to the end of the summer season. The play with which I opened the following fall was *Mary Stuart*, which was again in opposition to accepted prejudices, and in the same manner proved a valuable auxiliary.

Afterwards I played *Adrienne*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Froufrou*, *Juana* and *Odette*, remaining in England until the end of the summer season of 1882. Then I returned to America which I made my home.

I played in three countries, Poland, the United States, and England. Believing in the old saying, "*Omne trinum perfectum*," I promised myself to stop at that number, and to forego seeking any new fields for my ambition.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the tuft, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

From *Spring*.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

A MODEST WIT

A supercilious nabob of the east—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich,
A governor, or general, at the least,—
I have forgotten which,—
Had in his family an humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft or trade
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! By heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.

From *Opportunity*.—JOHN J. INGALLS.

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

BY VICTOR HUGO

One hundred years ago to-day a man died! He died immortal, laden with years, with labors, and with the most illustrious and formidable of responsibilities—the responsibility of the human conscience informed and corrected. He departed amid the curses of the past and the blessings of the future—and these are the two superb forms of glory!—dying amid the acclamations of his contemporaries and of posterity, on the one hand, and on the other with the hootings and hatreds bestowed by the implacable past on those who combat it. He was more than a man—he was an epoch! He had done his work; he had fulfilled the mission evidently chosen for him by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature. The eighty-four years he had lived bridge over the interval between the apogee of the Monarchy and the dawn of the Revolution. At his birth, Louis XIV still reigned; at his death Louis XVI had already mounted the throne. So that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss. . . .

The court was full of festivities; Versailles was radiant; Paris was ignorant; and meanwhile, through religious ferocity, judges killed an old man on the wheel and tore out a child's tongue for a song. Confronted by this frivolous and dismal society, Voltaire alone sensible of all the forces marshalled against him—court, nobility, finance; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so oppressive for the subject, so docile for the

master, crushing and flattering, kneeling on the people before the king; that clergy, a sinister medley of hypocrisy and fanaticism—Voltaire alone declared war against this coalition of all social iniquities—against that great and formidable world. He accepted battle with it. What was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the force of a thunderbolt—a pen. With that weapon Voltaire fought, and with that he conquered! Let us salute that memory! He conquered! He waged a splendid warfare—the war of one alone against all—the grand war for mind against matter, of reason against prejudice; a war for the just against the unjust, for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness! He had the tenderness of a woman and the anger of a hero. His was a great mind and an immense heart. He conquered the old code, the ancient dogma! He bestowed on the populace the dignity of the people! He taught, pacified, civilized! Regardless of menaces, insults, persecutions, calumny, exile, he was indefatigable and immovable. He overcame violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth! I have just uttered the word “smile,” and I pause at it! “To smile!” That is Voltaire. Let us repeat it—pacification is the better part of philosophy. In Voltaire the equilibrium was speedily restored. Whatever his just anger, it passed off. The angry Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire of calmness; and then in that profound eye appears his smile. That smile is wisdom—that smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. It sometimes goes as far as a laugh, but philosophic sadness tempers it. It mocks the strong, it caresses the weak. Disquieting the oppressor, it reassures the oppressed. It becomes raillery against the great; pity for the little! Ah! let that smile sway us, for it had in it the rays of the dawn. It was an illumination for truth, for justice, for goodness, for the worthiness of the useful. It illuminated the inner stronghold of superstition. The hideous things

it is salutary to see, he showed. It was a smile, fruitful as well as luminous! The new society, the desire for equality and concession; that beginning of fraternity called tolerance, mutual goodwill, the just accord of men and right, the recognition of reason as the supreme law, the effacing of prejudices, serenity of soul, the spirit of indulgence and pardon, harmony and peace—behold what has resulted from that grand smile! On the day—undoubtedly close at hand—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, when the amnesty is proclaimed, I say it!—yonder in the stars Voltaire will smile.

Between two servants of humanity who appeared at one thousand eight hundred years' interval, there is a mysterious relation. To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overturn tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions—to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it—that is to say, to substitute the true for the false, attack the fierce magistracy, the sanguinary priesthood; to scourge the money changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, poor, suffering and crushed; to combat for the persecuted and oppressed—such was the war of Jesus Christ! And what man carried on that war? It was Voltaire! The evangelical work had for its complement the philosophic work; the spirit of mercy commenced, the spirit of tolerance continued, let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept—Voltaire smiled. From that divine tear and that human smile sprang the mildness of existing civilization. . . .

Alas! the present moment, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still its dark side. There are still clouds on the horizon; the tragedy of the people is not played out; war still raises its head over this august festival of peace. Princes for two years have persisted in a fatal misunderstanding; their discord is an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired in condemning us to witness the contrast. This contrast brings us back to Voltaire. Amid

these threatening events let us be more peaceful than ever. Let us bow before this great death, this great life, this great living spirit. Let us bend before this venerated sepulcher! Let us ask counsel of him whose life, useful to men, expired a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us ask counsel of other mighty thinkers, auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire—of Jean Jacques, Diderot, Montesquieu! Let us stop the shedding of human blood. Enough despots! Barbarism still exists. Let philosophy protest. Let the eighteenth century succor the nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of truth. Let us invoke these illustrious phantoms that, face to face with monarchies thinking of war, they may proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the sacredness of labor, the blessedness of peace! And since night issues from thrones, let light emanate from the tombs.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near:
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet-ring,
Who bides his time.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!

How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;

And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughers titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports, like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy grassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes come softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread—
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won,
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gage:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth, and smiling toil, retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! Could not all
Reprive the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear.
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains; this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:—
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits its fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd:
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worm common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!

To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex-world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy convert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heavens! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;

And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury, thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done:
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ever virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest:
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO AMERICA

Two names are most intimately and indissolubly associated with the dramatic train of military events which led to the establishment of the United States as a nation and government, namely, those of Washington and Lafayette. No two names are, down to the present day, more fresh in the love and gratitude of the American people, and, until time shall be no more, a test of the fidelity with which that people hold to the principles of republican wisdom and virtue that gave them birth, will be their admiration of the names of those patriots and heroes. To understand, therefore, the significance of that spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm which greeted Lafayette on his visit to America in 1824, and which made that year one of the most memorable in the nation's history, it will only be necessary to glance at the services, military and civil, rendered us by this large hearted patriot during the opening years of our national existence. Those services and that reception form, indeed, a national romance.

When only thirteen years of age, Lafayette was left an orphan, and in full possession of valuable estates, and master of his own affairs. Being for a time at the college in Paris, his associations brought him into notice at the court of King Louis, and he became quite a favorite with that monarch. He was appointed one of the queen's pages, and through her agency, received a commission at the early age of fifteen.

He formed an early attachment to a daughter of the noble family of Noailles, with whom he was united in marriage at the age of sixteen. Adopting the profession of a soldier, Lafayette, at nineteen, was stationed, as captain of dragoons, at Metz, one of the

garrisoned towns of France. Here, in 1776, Lafayette's attention was directed to the conflict of liberty in America—the hostilities between Britain and her colonies; and while in conversation with the Duke of Gloucester, brother to George the Third, of England, he elicited facts that led him to see the whole merits of the case. The battle of Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence fired his heart! Before rising from the dinner table at which this interview occurred, Lafayette had resolved to leave his home, and offer himself and his services to the rising republic, whose cause he regarded as just and noble. From that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise, though aware that it would cut him off from the favor of that brilliant court-circle in which he shone so conspicuously, and that he would also have to tear himself away from his young, beautiful, and fondly attached wife, who alone, among all his associates, approved of his intention.

Proceeding to Paris, he confided his scheme to two young friends, Count Segur and Viscount Noailles, and proposed that they should join him. They entered with enthusiasm into his views, but owing to obstacles put in their way through family interference, they were prevented from following out their course, but faithfully kept their comrade's secret. He next explained his intention to Count Broglie, who advised him to abandon it at once as in the highest degree chimerical and hazardous. The count assured him that his confidence was not misplaced; but said he—

"I have seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy, I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family."

But, so far from being disheartened by the unpromising reception which Lafayette's plans met with from those to whom he made known his purposes, his ardor was rather increased in the pursuit of his object. "My zeal and love of liberty," said he, "have perhaps been hereto the prevailing motives; but now I see a chance

for usefulness, which I had not anticipated. I have money; I will purchase a ship, which shall convey to America myself, my companions, and the freight for congress." All this, as the sequel will show, he nobly and self-sacrificingly carried out.

This design was now made known by Lafayette to Messrs. Franklin, Lee, and Deane, the American commissioners at Paris; and to a proposal so disinterested and generous they could, of course, make no objection,—could only admire, indeed, the spirit which actuated it; and he hastened immediately to put it into execution. After surmounting the many difficulties which from time to time interrupted the progress of his plans, he at last set sail; the Baron de Kalb and eleven other officers of various ranks, in pursuit of employment in the American army, constituted his retinue. In due time they approached the shore near Georgetown, South Carolina, having fortunately escaped two British cruisers, and soon proceeded to Charleston harbor, where a magnificent reception was given them. The vessel was subsequently loaded with rice for the French market, but it foundered in going out of the harbor, and both the vessel and the cargo became a total loss.

But Lafayette had not yet reached his destination. As soon, however, as all things were in readiness, the party left Charleston and traveled to Philadelphia, where Congress was then sitting. On arriving there, he put his letters into the hands of Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. He called the next day at the hall of Congress, and Mr. Lovell came out to him and said, that so many foreigners had offered themselves for employment, that Congress was embarrassed with their application, and he was sorry to inform him there was very little hope of his success. Lafayette suspected that his papers had not been read, and he immediately sat down and wrote a note to the president of Congress, in which he desired to be permitted to serve in the American army on two conditions: first, that he should receive no pay; second, that

he should act as a volunteer. These terms were so different from those demanded by other foreigners, and presented so few obstacles on the ground of any interference with American officers, that they were at once accepted. His rank, zeal, perseverance, and disinterestedness, overcame every objection, and he was appointed a major-general in the American army before he had reached the age of twenty.

But he was yet to stand before the face of the great American chieftain. Washington was at headquarters when Lafayette reached Philadelphia, but being daily expected in the city, the young general concluded to wait his arrival, instead of presenting himself at camp. The introduction of the youthful stranger to the man on whom his career depended was, however, delayed only a few days. It took place in a manner peculiarly marked with the circumspection of Washington, at a dinner party, where Lafayette was one among several guests of consideration. Washington was not uninformed of the circumstances connected with Lafayette's arrival in this country; and it may well be supposed that the eye of the father of his country was not idle during the repast. But that searching glance, before which pretense or fraud never stood undetected, was completely satisfied. When they were about to separate, Washington took Lafayette aside, spoke to him with kindness, complimented him upon the noble spirit he had shown and the sacrifices he had made in favor of the American cause, and then told him that he should be pleased if he would make the quarters of the commander-in-chief his home, establish himself there whenever he thought proper, and consider himself at all times as one of his family,—adding in a tone of pleasantry, that he could not promise him the luxuries of a court, or even the conveniences which his former habits might have rendered essential to his comfort, but, since he had become an American soldier he would doubtless contrive to accommodate himself to the customs,

manners and privations of a republican party. Such was the reception given to Lafayette by the most sagacious and observant of men; and the personal acquaintance, thus commenced, ripened into an intimacy, a confidence, and an affection, without bounds, and never for one moment interrupted. If there lived a man whom Washington loved and admired, it was Lafayette.

Gloriously did Lafayette fulfill, by his military career, the high hopes which swelled the hearts of American patriots, in the heroic courage which he displayed at Brandywine, where he received a ball in his leg; by his success in Jersey, before he had recovered from his wounds, in a battle where he commanded militia against British grenadiers; in the brilliant retreat, by which he eluded a combined maneuver of the whole British force; by his great services in the enterprise against Rhode Island, and his successful movements against Cornwallis;—all these proofs of his patriotism and military skill, together with his warm and unsullied friendship for Washington, through all the varying fortunes of war, endeared him forever to every American.

After the fall of Cornwallis, Lafayette sailed for France, but revisited America in 1784. He was received with enthusiasm wherever he went. Returning to France, he found himself the object of immense popularity, and took his seat with the notables, convoked in 1787. In 1789, he boldly proposed, in the national convocation, the Declaration of Rights, which he had brought from the free soil of America, as the preliminary of a constitution. Proclamation of this world-renowned document was made July twenty-second, and it furnished the French people with the metaphysical reasons for the “sacred right of insurrection.” Meanwhile the Bastile had been taken, July fourteenth, the national guard organized, and Lafayette appointed to the command. In this capacity he rode a white charger, and shone the impersonation of chivalry, and twice the royal family owed their preservation to his address and courage. When the popu-

lar enthusiasm lulled, he returned to his native fields; the national guard, on his retirement, presenting him with a bust of Washington, and a sword forged from the bolts of the Bastile. Subsequently, having denounced the bloodthirsty Jacobins, he was burned in effigy by the sans-cullottes of Paris, and, fleeing from the guillotine which there awaited him, he finally fell into the hands of the Austrians, and was by them subjected to a long and cruel imprisonment in the fortress of Olmutz. His release, so earnestly but unsuccessfully solicited by Washington, was peremptorily demanded by Napoleon, and obtained, in September, 1797. In the year 1818, he became a member of the chamber of deputies, and, resuming his career as an advocate of constitutional principles, succeeded at last in elevating Louis Philippe to the throne of France.

By this time, Lafayette had grown old in the services he had rendered to America and France. Though his years were now nearly three score and ten, he could not think of meeting death until he had once more seen the land of liberty across the wide Atlantic, which was as dear to him as his native country. In its infancy, and for its freedom, he had, fifty years ago, contributed his wealth and shed his blood, sharing the bosom confidence of the great Washington as did no other human being. That struggling little republic had now become a great nation; the thirteen states constituting the original galaxy, had become almost double that number, and vast as the empires of antiquity in territory. Remembering his magnificent services in 1824, the Congress of the United States voted unanimously a resolution requesting President Monroe to invite Lafayette to visit the United States, as the nation's guest,—an honor never before accorded a foreign nobleman,—and tendering a ship of the line for his conveyance. This invitation was extended to the great French patriot in President Monroe's most happy manner, and was duly accepted, though the offer of a war-ship was declined.

On the twelfth of July, 1824, Lafayette, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his secretary, M. Levasseur, sailed from Havre for America. He arrived in New York, August fifteenth, and landed on Staten Island. One of the first to greet him was Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon. Joseph then resided at Bordentown, New Jersey; he had always cherished a high regard for the marquis, and greatly valued his friendship. The interview between the two was attended with the warmest emotion; and whoever has seen Sully's portrait of the great French patriot can form some adequate conception of the chieftain's magnificent bearing on this occasion.

The announcement of his arrival sent a thrill of joy to every American heart and home, and the great pageant of his reception commenced in the city where he first set foot forty years before. As the fleet arrived at the battery at New York, a military line composed of thousands of veterans was formed, and the people, crowding the battery and all the adjacent streets, swelled the throng to the number of forty thousand. The patriot was deeply affected when he exchanged congratulations with old companions and friends. Shout after shout went up in long and loud acclaim, while the bands of music played a triumphant welcome to the hero. His stay in the city was one unbroken succession of high honors and civic laudation, such as kings might envy; at Albany, he was received by Vice-president Tompkins. On proceeding to New England, the same enthusiasm was exhibited in every city, town, and village. From the residence of Honorable William Eustis, the governor of Massachusetts, in Roxbury, he was escorted by a large cavalcade and almost the entire population, to Boston, where a dense assemblage awaited his appearance. Arriving at the line, he was greeted by the mayor of the city and the people, through whom he passed in a superb carriage, under deafening cheers. The streets were lined with spectators to the entrance of the beautiful common.

There, the children of the public schools formed two lines, the girls being dressed in spotless white, and the boys in white trousers and blue jackets, and all wearing appropriate badges. A little girl sprang forward from the line as Lafayette was passing, and, at her request to speak to him, was lifted into the carriage, when she gracefully presented him with a wreath of flowers, which the venerable hero received with affecting courtesy. While going from town to town, he found in every place some of the descendants of 1776, ready to give him the heartiest of welcomes. Thus, when visiting Marblehead, in Massachusetts, the marquis manifested much curiosity at so many ladies being mingled with the male citizens, who had been deputed to receive him. The spokesman of the occasion, perceiving the pleasant surprise of the marquis at this peculiar feature, said to him—

“These are the widows of those who perished in the Revolutionary War, and the mothers of children for whose liberty you, illustrious sir! have contended in the field of battle. They are now here in the places of their husbands, many of whom were once known to you.”

It may here be remarked, that Marblehead was the “banner town” for furnishing soldiers, in the Revolutionary War, there being a larger portion to the whole number of inhabitants from that town than any other place in the United States. The British armed vessels hovering on the coast destroyed the coasting and fishing business, and thus the loss of men in the war fell heavily upon the small seaport towns; for, being out of employment, nearly all the young and old men shouldered their muskets and joined the army.

At Philadelphia Lafayette was welcomed with almost idolizing enthusiasm; for tender and thrilling indeed were the associations which linked together the history of the past and present of that city, in the person and services of Lafayette; the hospitalities of the state were appropriately dispensed by Governor Shultze. On landing at Baltimore, he was conducted to the “tent of Washington,” and the

freedom of the state and city conferred upon him in an address by Governor Stevens. For some time Lafayette could not precisely understand the compliment conveyed in the selection of the tent—especially one of that construction—for such proceedings. It was soon made plain, however, for glancing around, he recognized a portion of Washington's personal equipage during the war; and turning to one near him, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I remember!" Proceeding to Washington, Lafayette was received with open arms by President Monroe, at the executive mansion. Congress had just assembled in regular session, at the capitol. He was introduced to both houses, and was formally and elegantly addressed by Mr. Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, the two branches unanimously uniting in their legislative honors to the nation's guest. At this session the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, together with a township, consisting of twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land, was voted by Congress to General Lafayette, as an expression of the grateful memory with which the people of America regarded his services in their behalf. A few of the members felt themselves constrained, from some doubts respecting its constitutionality, to vote against this appropriation. Lafayette, taking one of them by the hand, said to him with considerable feeling:

"I appreciate your views. If I had been a member, I should have voted with you, not only because I partake of the sentiments which determined your votes, but also because I think that the American nation has done too much for me." Most characteristic of Lafayette's disinterestedness and magnanimity was that remark!

At this time, Governor Pleasant was chief magistrate of the "Old Dominion," and warmly welcomed the nation's guest. The emotions experienced by Lafayette, as he once more trod the battlefield of Virginia, can of course hardly be described. Yorktown, distinguished for the surrender of Cornwallis, which event gave the

finishing blow to the war, presented a vast field of tents at the reception of Lafayette. The same house occupied by Cornwallis, as his headquarters in 1781, was still standing. The general appearance of the place gave evidence of a deserted village. The houses of yore, which had been riddled with balls and blackened with smoke, still retained the marks of battle. In many parts of the ground were seen broken shells and gun-carriages, with various implements of war,—some on rocks, and others half buried in the earth; every arrangement having been made to give the town on Lafayette's arrival, the appearance of a place taken and occupied after a severe contest in battle. One of the tents erected on this occasion, was the one used by Washington at the time of the siege, together with others which had furnished temporary apartments for weary soldiers during the eventful campaign. An arch, bearing the names of Lafayette, Hamilton, and Laurens, was erected on the very spot where stood the redoubt stormed by Lafayette; an obelisk was also erected, bearing the names of distinguished Frenchmen. And on the same spot it is said that the orator of the occasion was designing, at the close of his address, to place a blended civic crown and national wreath in honor of Lafayette, who, while he acknowledged the unique compliment, gracefully averted its consummation, and, taking the symbolic garland in his hand, called for Colonel Fish, the only survivor of the attack upon the redoubt, and declared that half the honor belonged to him. Washington's marquee was erected on the plain, just out of the village. Being escorted to this tent, Lafayette gave an effecting welcome to the officers of the militia. Two veterans were there, who had faced the enemy in war, and stood firm in the midst of the roar of the cannon; but as they pressed the hand of Lafayette on this occasion, the old heroes wept and fainted. Some of the servants who were present discovered in an obscure corner of a cellar a large box of candles, bearing marks of belonging to Cornwallis's military stores—having re-

mained undisturbed for forty-three years. They were lighted for the evening, and notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, some of the old soldiers remained till the last vestige of these British candles had expired in the socket.

Taking Camden, South Carolina—Governor Richard J. Manning, —in his tour, Lafayette assisted in laying the cornerstone of a monument erected to the name and memory of Baron de Kalb, a German by birth, who came over in the same vessel with Lafayette, in 1776, and volunteered his services in the American army for three years. He fell while bravely engaged in the battle at Camden, pierced with eleven deadly wounds. It is said that Washington visiting the baron's grave many years after his death, sighed as he looked upon it, and exclaimed, "There lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of Liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us in its fruits!" At Savannah, Georgia, after being welcomed by Governor Troupe, Lafayette united in the same service commemorative of Generals Greene and Pulaski. On the seventeenth of June, Lafayette witnessed the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker-Hill monument, at Charleston, Massachusetts; he was the only surviving major-general of the Revolution who was present at this ceremony. Colonel Francis K. Huger participated in the patriotic services—the man who, when a lad, walked with Lafayette over his father's grounds, and who, some thirty years before, this seventeenth of June, risked his life in attempting to aid the escape of Lafayette from the castle of Olmutz. The people of Charlestown not only welcomed Huger, but gave him a seat by the side of Lafayette, in the carriage which moved in the procession, and also one near him at the festive board. Daniel Webster was the orator for the day; it was the fiftieth anniversary of the battle; and everything conspired to render the day memorable. As the procession passed, Lafayette was continually hailed with demonstrations

of love and gratitude. The procession was several miles long, and, on arriving at the historic spot, the impressive rite of laying the corner-stone was performed by the grand master of the Freemasons, the president of the Monument Association, and General Lafayette, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The procession then moved to a spacious amphitheater, where the oration was propounded by Mr. Webster, before as great a multitude, as perhaps was ever assembled within the sound of human voice.

There was one place—Kaskaskia, on the route of Lafayette's tour, at which, though no preparations had been made to receive him, he paused a short time; and here it was that a most affecting incident occurred. Curiosity induced one of his companions to go and look at an Indian encampment, a short distance from the town. He there met with an educated Indian woman, who spoke the French language tolerably well, and who expressed a desire to see Lafayette, and to show him a relic which she always carried with her, and which was "very dear to her." She wished to show it to Lafayette as proof of the veneration with which his name was regarded among their tribes. It was a letter written by Lafayette in 1778, and addressed to her father, Panisciowa, a chief of one of the six nations. This letter expressed the hearty thanks of Lafayette for the faithful services of that chief in the American cause. The name of this only child of the old chief was Mary, who, at the decease of her mother, was placed under the care of an American agent, by whom she was instructed and kindly treated. She became a Christian. As she was walking out in the forest, about five years after, an Indian warrior overtook her and informed her that her father was dying, and wished to see her. She started off, traveled all night, and in the morning reached his hut, which was situated in a narrow valley. As she came to his bedside he took from his pouch a paper wrapped in a dry skin, and gave it to her, with a charge to preserve it as a precious gift, saying: "It is a powerful charm to interest the pale-

faces in your favor. I received it from a great French warrior, whom the English dreaded as much as the Americans loved him, and with whom I fought in my youth." The chief died the next day. Mary returned to her white friends, and soon after married the young warrior, who was her father's friend and companion. She had the pleasure of showing the letter to Lafayette, who recognized it, and listened with great respect and deep feeling to her touching story.

Another most interesting episode was that which transpired at Lafayette's reception in Nashville, Tennessee, Governor Carroll presiding at the state ceremonies. There had come from different parts of the country about forty officers and soldiers of the Revolution. Among the number was an aged man who had traveled one hundred and fifty miles. His name was Haguy, a German, and he was one of those who embarked in the same vessel with Lafayette for this country, nearly fifty years back, and served under him during the whole war. The veteran, clasping Lafayette's hand with affectionate warmth, the tears rolling down his cheeks, said:

"I have come many miles to see the 'young general.' I have had two happy days in life—one, when I landed with you on the American coast, nearly fifty years ago, and to-day when I see your face again. I have lived long enough." The sensation produced by this scene, in that great throng, was for a time completely overpowering.

Not less interesting was the interview at Buffalo, between Lafayette and Red Jacket, the old chief of the Seneca tribe of Indians. They had both met in council at Fort Schuyler, in 1784. Red Jacket in conversation with General Lafayette, made some allusions to that famous council, and to those who participated in its proceedings, when Lafayette inquired with some curiosity—

"Where is the young warrior, I wonder, who opposed the burying of the tomahawk?"

"He is here before you," instantly replied the chief.

"Ah, I see," replied the general, "time has changed us. We were once young and active."

"But," said the chief, "time has made less change on you than me."

Saying this, he uncovered his head, and exhibited his entire baldness. The general wore a wig, and, not wishing to deceive Red Jacket, took it from his head, to the no small amusement of the astonished Indian.

A visit to the tomb of Washington was one of the most notable events in Lafayette's tour. His arrival there was announced by the firing of cannon, which brought to his memory the din of war,—the scenes of the Revolution,—when he and the great but now lifeless chieftain, were side by side in battle. Standing for a while upon the consecrated ground and amid the solemn stillness of the place, he descended alone into the tomb with his head uncovered. There he remained in solitary contemplation for some time—the living veteran communing with the illustrious dead. He returned with his face bathed in tears, and, taking his son, and Levasseur, the secretary, by the hand, led them into the tomb. He could not speak, but pointed mutely to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently by it, kissed it, and rising, threw themselves into the arms of Lafayette, and for a few moments wept in silence. Lafayette was now presented by the hand of Mr. Custis, one of the surviving family connections of Washington, with a massive finger-ring containing a portion of the hair of his departed friend. He was also the recipient of some other personal memorials of the Father of his Country.

During this tour Lafayette visited every one of the twenty-four states of the Union, and traveled over five thousand miles. In nearly every region which he visited, towns or counties, and literary, scientific or civic associations, named in honor of him, still preserve his memory. Indeed, one of the foremost of the colleges of the

middle states dates from the same period. At Easton, Pennsylvania, the citizens convened on the 27th of December, 1824, and resolved to establish Lafayette College, an eminent institution of learning, in memory of and "As a testimony of respect for the talents, virtues and signal services, of General Lafayette, in the great cause of freedom."

When the time which he had allotted for his tour had expired, Lafayette repaired to Washington, to pay his parting respects to the chief magistrate of the nation, John Quincy Adams, who had succeeded President Monroe. This took place at the presidential mansion, on the sixth of September, 1825. The farewell address from the president, in behalf of the whole American people, was a most affecting tribute to the lofty character and patriotic services of Lafayette, during his long and eventful career. It closed with the following words:

"You are ours by that unshaken sentiment of gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance; ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name for the endless ages of time with the name of Washington. At the painful moment of parting with you we take comfort in the thought that, wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will ever be present in your affections; and a cheering consolation assures us that we are not called to sorrow—most of all, that we shall see your face no more,—for we shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the name of the whole people of the United States I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell."

To this parting address from the lips of the nation's distinguished chief magistrate, Lafayette replied in a strain of patriotic and impassioned eloquence never to be forgotten.

On the same day he embarked for France, on board the *Brandywine*, a new frigate, named thus in compliment to Lafayette, who,

on the banks of that river, was wounded in his first battle for American freedom. In the whole range of history, ancient or modern, there is no instance of similar honors being paid to any hero, by the united and spontaneous will of a great people; and when, nine years after, he paid the debt of nature, that same great people gave vent to universal grief, and every tongue spoke words of eulogy to the memory of America's most illustrious friend.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The older dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
 With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

From O Mother of a Mighty Race.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CROSSING THE BAR

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Socrates thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be contented to take their own and depart.

—PLUTARCH.

MAGNANIMITY OF SALADIN

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The effects of the climate, became, as usual, fatal to the soldiers from the North, and the more so that the dissolute license of the crusaders, forming a singular contrast to the principles and purposes of their taking arms, rendered them more easy victims to the insalubrious influence of burning heat and chilling dews. To these discouraging causes of loss was to be added the sword of the enemy. Saladin, than whom no greater name is recorded in Eastern history, had learned, by bitter experience, that his light-armed followers were little able to meet in close encounter with the iron-clad Franks, and had been taught, at the same time, to apprehend and dread the adventurous character of his antagonist Richard. But if his armies were more than once routed with great slaughter, his numbers gave the Saracen the advantage in those lighter skirmishes, of which many were inevitable. There was a perpetual warfare of posses and foragers, in which many valuable lives were lost without any corresponding object being gained. The crusaders had to purchase the means of sustaining life by life itself; and water, like that of the well in Bethlehem, longed for by King David, one of its ancient monarchs, was then, as before, only obtained by the expenditure of blood.

Those evils were, in a great measure, counterbalanced by the stern resolution and restless activity of King Richard, who, with some of his best knights, was ever on horseback, ready to repair to any point where danger occurred, and often not only bringing unex-

pected succor to the Christians, but discomfiting the infidels when they seemed most secure of victory. But even the iron frame of Cœur de Leon could not support, without injury, the alternations of the unwholesome climate, joined to ceaseless exertions of body and mind.

He became afflicted with one of those slow and wasting fevers peculiar to Asia, and, in spite of his great strength and still greater courage, grew first unfit to mount on horseback, and then to attend the councils of war, which were, from time to time, held by the crusaders.

Naturally rash and impetuous, the irritability of his temper preyed on itself. He was dreaded by his attendants, and even the medical assistants feared to assume the necessary authority which a physician, to do justice to his patient, must needs exercise over him.

One faithful baron, who, perhaps, from the congenial nature of his disposition, was devotedly attached to the king's person, and dared to come between the dragon and his wrath, and quietly but firmly maintained a control which no other dared assume over the dangerous invalid, and which Thomas de Multon, the Lord of Gilsland, in Cumberland, surnamed by the Normans the Lord de Vaux, only exercised because he esteemed his sovereign's life and honor more than he did the degree of favor which he might lose, or run the risk he might incur in nursing a patient so intractable and whose displeasure was so perilous.

It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in mind as his illness made it irksome to his body. His bright, blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendor, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glancing from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair as fitfully and as vividly as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder storm, which still, however, are gilded by its

beams. His manly features showed the progress of his wasting illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin.

Casting himself from side to side, now clutching toward him the coverings which, at the next moment, he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures showed at once the energy and the reckless impatience of a disposition, whose natural bent was that of the most active exertion.

"So Sir Kenneth met with a wandering physician at the grotto of Engeddi, ha?" said the king, after a long and perturbed silence, spent in the feverish agitation which we have endeavored to describe.

"Not so, my liege," replied De Vaux; "but he met, I think, near that place, with a Saracen emir, with whom he had some mêlée in the way of proof of valor, and finding him worthy to bear brave men company, they went together, as errant knights are wont, to the grotto of Engeddi."

"And did they there meet the physician?" demanded the king impatiently.

"No, my liege," replied De Vaux; "but the Saracen, learning of your majesty's grievous illness, undertook that Saladin should send his own physician to you, and with many assurances of his eminent skill; and he came to the grotto accordingly, after the Scottish knight had tarried a day for him and more. He is attended as if he were a prince, with drums and atabals, and servants on horse and foot, and brings with him letters of credence from Saladin."

"Have they been examined by Giacomo Loredani?"

"I showed them to the interpreter ere bringing them hither, and behold their contents, in our language!"

Richard took a scroll on which were inscribed these words:—

"The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mohammed ('Out upon the hound!' said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjec-

tion). Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech Ric, Richard, of England, greeting: Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish mediciners as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet, ('Confusion on his head!' again muttered the English monarch), we have, therefore, sent, to tend and wait upon thee, at this time, the physician to our own person, Adoubec al Hakim, before whose face the angel Azrael (the angel of Death) spreads his wings and departs from the sick chamber; who know the virtues of herbs and stones, that path of the sun, moon and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And we do this, praying you heartily to honor and make use of his skill; not only that we may do service to thy worth and valor, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us to an end, either by honorable agreement or by open trial thereof, with our weapons, in a fair field; seeing that it neither becomes thy courage and place to die the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his taskmaster, nor befits it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapons by such a disease. And therefore, may the holy,—"

"Hold! hold!" said Richard, "I will have no more of this dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think that the valiant and worthy Soldan should believe in a dead dog. Yes; I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim. I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity. I will meet Soldan in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England, ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe. He shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with

the blood of us both. Haste, De Vaux, why dost thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the Hakim hither."

The physician who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the king's illness, now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent, and in breathless expectation. The sage next filled a cup with spring water, and dipped into it a small red purse, which he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevented him, by saying, "Hold, an instant—thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine; I too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art."

The Arabian yielded his hand, without hesitation, and his long, slender, dark fingers were, for an instant, enclosed and almost buried in the large enfoldment of King Richard's hand. "His blood beats calm as an infant's," said the king; "so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim, with honor and safety. Command us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith; should I live, it will be to thank him, as a warrior would desire to be thanked."

He then raised himself in bed, took the cup in his hands, and turning to the marquis and others: "Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me, in Cyprus wine—"To the immortal honor of the first crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whosoever shall turn back from the plow on which he hath laid his hand.'"

He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sank back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent, excepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared, accordingly.

When the critical hour had arrived, at which the physician, ac-

cording to the rules of his art, had predicted that his royal patient might be awakened, with safety, the sponge was applied for that purpose; and the leech had not made any observations ere he assured the Baron of Gilsland that the fever had entirely left his sovereign, and that such was the happy strength of his constitution, that it would not even be necessary, as in most cases, to give a second dose of the powerful medicine.

Richard himself seemed of the same opinion, for, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, he demanded of De Vaux what present sum of money was in the royal coffers. The baron could not exactly inform him of the amount.

"It matters not," said Richard; "be it greater or smaller, bestow it all on this learned leech, who hath, I trust, given me back again to the service of the crusade. If it be less than a thousand byzants, let him have jewels to make it up."

"I sell not the wisdom with which Allah has endowed me," answered the Arabian physician, "and be it known to you, great prince, that the Divine medicine of which you have partaken would lose its effects in my unworthy hands, did I exchange its virtues either for gold or diamonds."

"The physician refuseth a gratuity," said De Vaux.

"Thomas de Vaux," said Richard, "thou knowest no courage but what belongs to the sword; no bounty or virtue but what are used in chivalry; I tell thee that this Moor, in his independence, might set an example to them who account themselves the flower of knighthood."

"It is reward enough," said the Moor, folding his arms on his bosom, and maintaining an attitude at once respectful and dignified, "that so great a king as the Melec Ric should speak thus of his servant."

From *The Talisman*.

High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

A Gentleman.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,

} Triumvirs, after the death of
Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

} Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIVS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

FLAVIUS,

MABULLUS,

} Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,

TITINIUS,

MESSALA,

YOUNG CATO,

VOLUMNIUS,

VARRO,

CLITUS,

CLAUDIUS,

STRATO,

LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS,

} Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

*SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome; afterward
at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Citizen.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as
you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Citizen.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience;
which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what
trade?

2 *Citizen.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you
be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow?

2 *Citizen.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle
with no tradesman's matters nor women's matters, but withal I am,
indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I

recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;

And, when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[*Ereunt Citizens.*]

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II. A Public Place

*Enter, in procession with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY for the course;
CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and
CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer*

Cæsar. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks! [*Music ceases.*]

Cæsar. Calpurnia!

Calpurnia. Here, my lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar, my lord!

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Soothsayer. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus.

Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius.

'Tis just;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you can not see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*]

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I can not tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not to be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point!" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."

[*Shout.*

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CÆSAR and his train

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brutus. I will do so.—But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter!—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music.
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and his train. Casca remains.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be' hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at the mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the rag-tag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit Casca.*

Brutus. What a blunt fellow has this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so; till then, think of the world.—

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that can not be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Street*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

Cicero. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—they are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca.

Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS

Cassius. Who's there?

Casca.

A Roman.

Cassius.

Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering telltale. Hold, my hand;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence,
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

Cinna.

Yes, you are.—

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party!

Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theater.— [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's Orchard*

Enter BRUTUS

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!—
I can not, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed. *[Gives him the letter.*

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. *[Exit.*

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"—

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe! What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

To speak and strike?—O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. *[Knocking within.*

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are more with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Brutus. Let 'em enter.—

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and
TREBONIUS

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cassius. Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Decius. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius.

Yet I fear him,

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius.

The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.

Cassius.

But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cassius. The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
And so, good morrow to you every one.— [*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

Portia.

Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of; and upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal

A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife.—

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.—

[*Exit Portia.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it,

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee as we are going

To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

To do I know not what; but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Cæsar's Palace*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murther Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Can not is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?—

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is in my will; I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the senate;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you will send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo; Cæsar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceedings bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA
TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within.—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside*] And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exit.]

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

Artemidorus. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius;
mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men,
and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about
you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend
thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue can not live
Out of the teeth of emulation.—

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street, before the
House of Brutus*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is 't o'clock?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Portia. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry. Come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them

ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR,

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS,

CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What! is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place.

Cassius. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant;
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators
take their seats.*]

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæsar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.—

[*Kneeling.*

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus!

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me,
But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar!—

Cæsar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute!—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Brutus. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates! we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What ! shall we forth ?

Cassius. Ay, every man away ;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

Brutus. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and honor him ;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY

Brutus. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful,
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen, all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.—
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek,
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius.

Brutus, a word with you.—

[*Aside*] You know not what you do. Do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

Brutus.

By your pardon,

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission,

And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rights and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

And say you do 't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral. And you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

Antony.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue :
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not? .

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar—

[Seeing the body.]

Antony. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]*

SCENE II. *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him I have offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

2 *Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Citizen.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Citizen.* Nay, that's certain;

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

All.

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men;—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Citizen.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4 *Citizen*. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 *Citizen*. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Citizen*. They were traitors! Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Citizen*. They were villains, murtherers! The will! Read
the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Citizen*. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Citizen*. You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen*. A ring; stand round.

1 *Citizen*. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Citizen*. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.—
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!—
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls; what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Citizen.* O, piteous spectacle!

2 *Citizen.* O, noble Cæsar!

3 *Citizen.* O, woful day!

4 *Citizen.* O, traitors, villains!

1 *Citizen.* O, most bloody sight!

2 *Citizen.* We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let
not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Citizen.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Citizen.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Citizen*. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not !—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true ;—the will !—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Citizen*. Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Citizen*. O, royal Cæsar !

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 *Citizen*. Never, never !—Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Citizen*. Go, fetch fire.

3 *Citizen*. Pluck down benches.

4 *Citizen*. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street**Enter CINNA the Poet*

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

1 *Citizen.* What is your name?

2 *Citizen.* Whither are you going?

3 *Citizen.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Citizen.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every

man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Citizen*. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry;—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Citizen*. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2 *Citizen*. That matter is answered directly.

4 *Citizen*. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Citizen*. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Citizen*. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Citizen*. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Citizen*. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Citizen*. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Room in Antony's House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and
LEPIDUS, seated at a table

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Antony. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth—
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Octavius. Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of Brutus, in the Camp near Sardis*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers ; PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at a distance

Brutus. Stand, ho !

Lucilius. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Lucilius. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]

Brutus. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt
That my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Brutus. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*

Brutus. Hark, he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers

Cassius. Stand, ho!

Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Soldier.* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* Stand.

3 *Soldier.* Stand.

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brutus. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs.
And I will give you audience.

Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.—
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is 't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so, make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not?

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What? durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me—
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;

Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus.

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cassius.

Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius.

O Brutus!—

Brutus.

What's the matter?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus.

Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals.

There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet

They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS

Cassius. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—

Companion, hence!

Cassius. Away, away! be gone! [*Exit Poet.*]

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—

O, insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so?

Brutus.

Even so.

Cassius.

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers

Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I can not drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Brutus. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus.

No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

Brutus. With what addition?

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one?

Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cassius. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense, whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The 'people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a fore'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius.

Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon.—You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

Cassius.

Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cassius.

No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow we will rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala!—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

Cassius. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord!

Brutus. Good night, good brother!

Titinius, Messala. Good night, lord Brutus!

Brutus. Farewell, every one!—

[*Ereunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men,
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. *[Servants lie down.]*

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Brutus. *It does, my boy;*

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.— *[Music and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—

Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here is it, I think. *[He sits down.]*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of my eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord?

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Varro. My lord!

Claudius. My lord!

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay; saw you anything?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so; their battles are at hand.
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words. Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"

Cassius. *Antony,*

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar.

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler.

Antony. Old Cassius still!

Octavius. Come, 'Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord!

[*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*]

Cassius. Messala!

Messala. What says my general?

Cassius. Messala,

This is my birthday: as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, I am compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determined to do?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life,—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cassius. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brutus. Why, then lead on.—O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Field of Battle*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud *alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.— [*Pindarus goes up.*]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pindarus. [*Above*] O my lord !

Cassius. What news ?

Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius !—

Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He's ta'en :—and, hark !
They shout for joy.

[*Shout.*

Cassius. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !—

PINDARUS comes down

Come hither, sirrah !
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*

Pindarus. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him?

Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!

Messala. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.—
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears—I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods!—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Exit Messala.*

[*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO,
VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

[*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rôme
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*]

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Soldier.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius.

Only I yield to die.

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

1 *Soldier.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Soldier.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Soldier.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chang'd.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispering.]

Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then! no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers him.]

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanius. O Clitus!

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. [Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon my eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly !

Brutus.

Hence, I will follow.—

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first ; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still ;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and the Army*

Octavius. What man is that ?

Messala. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END

COMMENT AND QUESTION

RIP VAN WINKLE

1. Why do travelers often refer to the Hudson River as "The Beautiful Hudson"? To what extent do historical memories contribute to make this stream "beautiful"? Locate Treason House; Stony Point; Verplanck's Point; Tarrytown; West Point.
2. The noted actor, Joseph Jefferson, won great fame portraying the character of Rip Van Winkle. How could Jefferson make such strong appeal to real men with such an unreal character?
3. The streams in the early days abounded in fish, the woods were filled with game, and the soil was responsive to the merest touch. Trace a connection, if you can, between these facts and Rip Van Winkle's attitude toward farm work. Could the wars of the period have inspired slothfulness among the people? What, evidently, did Irving have in mind when he wrote this selection?
4. Rip Van Winkle does not say ten lines in the entire story. Why is he not made to declare himself more freely? Why was taciturnity a characteristic of the pioneer? What subjects of conversation were probably of largest interest to the dwellers of Dutch New York?
5. If one were to visit the scenes of this narrative to-day, evidences of a marvelous development would abound. Trace a similar and equally marked change in the manners, customs and attainments of the people.
6. Is the deep fascination of this story to be found in its quaint characters, its outdoor scenes, its unreality, or in them all? To what extent does each contribute to the interest?
7. You will wish to know much about the gifted author of Rip Van Winkle, a namesake of The Father of His Country, who has written the best biography of Washington we have.

A MOUNTAIN HUNT

1. This selection is from Doctor Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*. Can you name some other of the author's works? You will be interested in learning how he came to write about the Indians. Read his life.

2. Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales* possess unusual interest for youth. Is it because American youth love adventure? Compare the feeling roused by this selection with that awakened by one of Cooper's tales.
3. We still read with pleasure the roving of sea-captains, voyagers, and even pirates. We study the migrations of nations in their attempts to subjugate the wilderness—to blaze the path of progress. Shall we ultimately find similar pleasure in the perusal of such stories as Parkman's?
4. With what portions of our country are Parkman's stories particularly identified? How do you account for the meagerness of literature relating to those regions?
5. Doctor Jordan declared once: "The reason why the Indian had to give place to the white man was because it required too many acres of land to keep one Indian." Can a similar reason be found for the disappearance of the huge herds of buffalo, and the vast numbers of other game animals which once inhabited this country?
6. As one reads this selection one feels irresistibly a desire to participate in such excitement. How do you account for this feeling? When shall we be free from such appeal, if ever?
7. When the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia visited this country during General Grant's administration as president, a great hunting party was organized as a means of entertainment for him. Thousands of buffalo were wantonly slaughtered on the plains. What difference is apparent in such an expedition and the one described here?
8. What great hunter and scout has recently died—the last of that group which made the West famous fifty years ago?

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA

1. *Poeta nascitur; non fit.* (The poet is born, not made.) To what degree is this true of Jenny Lind? Of Melba? Where do you draw the line between the born artist and the made artist? How much importance is attached to the claims of some people that they are self-made?
2. Compare the other charms of Jenny Lind—her girlish attractiveness, her remarkable modesty, her marked generosity—with her marvelous musical talent. Which do you prefer—the singing woman, or the woman, singing?
3. In later life, P. T. Barnum succeeded in making millions of people

happy with his great shows. Jenny Lind made people happy with her sweet songs. Is the happiness which arises from seeing things less intense or abiding than that which comes from hearing things?

4. Why does the interesting episode with Daniel Webster so deeply stir us? Could one less famous than Webster thus have interrupted?
5. Did Jenny Lind "just happen" to come from Sweden? Caruso from sunny Italy? Why is it natural for an Irishman to be witty; a Scotchman to be sober; an Indian to be taciturn?
6. Learn something of Cornelia, Joan of Arc, Frances Willard. Will history accord Jenny Lind a place with such as these? Why?

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION

1. Reread this beautiful description, then try to picture the whole scene as it occurred. Embellish in your own mind the picture our author draws of the good-natured crowds that jostled on the streets while waiting the coming of the president. In the same way try to depict the gravity and dignity of the distinguished statesmen as they waited. What do you think was the nature of their conversation?
2. Catch a glimpse of the vessel bearing Washington as it first hove in sight; then describe as you picture it in your own mind the bustle along the streets.
3. Compare such a crowd with a crowd on a similar occasion to-day.
4. Is it an extravagant sentiment among the American people that holds Washington so dear, or is he entirely worthy of our great affection? Why do you think so?
5. Contrast this first inauguration with an inauguration of this day. What features have these occasions discontinued and what have they added? Would the coronation ceremonies of a king enter into the thoughts of persons to-day when a president is inaugurated? Did they in Washington's time? Why?
6. Henry Lee characterized Washington as: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Does history fully justify this compliment?
7. Steamboats plying up and down the Potomac toll their bells as they pass the tomb of Washington. What reason could be offered for a discontinuance of this custom, if any?
8. It has been suggested that if men who are discontented with political

conditions which now and then appear sinister would visit the grave of Washington occasionally they would lose their bitterness. Explain.

JAMESY

1. Read the *Christmas Carol* of Dickens, then compare the sentiment there expressed with the sentiment of *Jamesy*. In what respect are the two stories alike? How do they differ?
2. Does Jamesy appeal to you as merely a happy-go-lucky boy, or as a "diamond in the rough"?
3. What did Riley wish to tell us by this beautiful story of a grimy-faced lad?
4. Do you think society fully acknowledges its obligation to such as Jamesy?
5. What is the thing about Christmas that you really believe in?
6. If the heart of the world is made tender once a year by an unfortunate and neglected boy's appeal for Christmas observance, should not all believe that by and by the heart of the world will always be tender?
7. Duty is emphasized by this story. Duty to what? Duty to whom?
8. What are the manifest weaknesses of Jamesy's character? Are these weaknesses overshadowed by the halo of glory surrounding him?

MONSEIGNEUR

1. Why are *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield* and *A Tale of Two Cities* so much appreciated by the common people? Because the case of the common people is so eloquently pleaded by the gifted Dickens. But why is *A Tale of Two Cities* regarded as perhaps the most vital of them all?
2. What is the author's real purpose in this selection?
3. Contrast the condition of the peasantry described in this selection with that of the peons in Mexico; the serfs of Russia; the coolies of China. In what way have the sufferings of the people led them to rebel in these countries, just as the French Revolution followed the conditions described in this story?
4. Who was the dominating influence in emancipating the poor classes of France, the scholar or the soldier?

ENOCH ARDEN

1. Is it an evidence of weakness or of greatness upon the part of the poet when he describes the play-house scenes of the three children? In what respect? In what way do the lines—

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the children's hour"

suggest a similar friendliness for the innocence of childhood?

2. What may be said in justification of the thrift of Enoch? Poor Richard often exhorted to economy. Quote some of his sayings.
3. What trait in Philip's character does his passive attitude toward Annie suggest? Is an aggressive, valiant lover more to be admired? What may be said in Philip's defense?
4. In deciding finally to go on the voyage to China, did Enoch act heroically or otherwise? Was the view-point of Annie that of Enoch? Could they, by conference, have established the same point of view before concluding? Was selfishness a factor in determining Enoch's conclusion?
5. Joaquin Miller wrote:

"But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, patiently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battlefield."

Why could not the suffering of Enoch during the separation have been so keen as that of Annie?

REPLY TO MR. CRAM

1. When and where did the Seneca Indian tribe flourish? What else have you learned of their great chief, Red Jacket, the author of this brilliant speech?
2. If one Indian without the advantages of special training could speak like Red Jacket, why could not all Indians do so? What is meant by inherent ability?
3. What experience of the Indian made him at all times pathetic in his

utterance? How do you account for the lack of mirth among the red men, when it is so pronounced a characteristic of the black men?

4. Explain the great reverence of the Indian for his religion. Do you think fear inspired his regard for the Great Spirit, or did love beget it?
5. John Burroughs says that there are many religions which come and go but that religion always abides. Apply this to the primitive American Indian.
6. Was the treatment which prompted Red Jacket's complaint largely different from that which has usually been shown to the Indians by the white men?
7. What service did Helen Hunt Jackson render the Indian?
8. What religion is prevalent among the Indians to-day?

MODJESKA

1. What eminent philosopher, as a youth, hungrily gnawing a two-penny loaf, sauntered down the streets of an American city? Who was the famous rail-splitter? What president of the United States began life as a canal-boat driver? What great educator of his race slept under the platform of the railway station the first night he spent in a college town—driven by poverty to do so? Compare the sacrifices of these persons with the sacrifice of Modjeska while she was mastering her profession in America. Compare their successes with her success.
2. What does Modjeska mean when she classes Poland as "the vanquished of modern history"? What influence would that fact have upon the individual life of one of Polish birth? How and to what extent? How came Modjeska into possession of such a singular resolve? In what degree does environment destroy inherited tendencies?
3. Does the somber suggestion of suicide in the event of failure add to the sweet memories of Modjeska? Do they not rather becloud? How do you like this bit from Edgar Guest:
"To do my best and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work, and hope for victory"?
4. In styles of dress, why do we still speak of Balmoral skirts? Why of Prince Albert coats? Compare this following of English fashions with the sentiment which animated Modjeska to wish a London approval.

Search out what may be said in favor of her decision, from her viewpoint. To what extent to-day is London's sanction essential to an artist's success?

5. "*Omne trinum perfectum*": equivalent to our well-known expression—"The third time's the charm."

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

1. Name one great novel which Victor Hugo wrote.
2. How is Voltaire usually regarded? If this story correctly portrays his conception of truth, what can you say of the vigor with which it is presented?
3. What was the condition of the French people during the time covered by Voltaire's life? In what way did these conditions cause the loss of correct social ideals, religious ideals, political ideals?
4. Why does Hugo say Versailles was radiant, Paris ignorant?
5. Reread the ten sentences beginning with "He conquered." Finally, read again the last ten sentences. They are wonderful.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

1. "Sweet Auburn." Why not beautiful or lovely Auburn? Is the author dwelling so much on streets and houses, as on memories? "Cut these sentences and they bleed," declared Emerson. Try it with these splendid first lines. Read slowly—do not merely say the words.
2. "I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."
How the mind runs to the lines others have penned carrying the same thought.
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said," etc.;
"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain."
3. "Near yonder copse where once a garden smiled." Read this extract aloud; read it silently. Absorb its spirit. Picture the preacher, his surroundings, his parishioners. Is such a character needed in every community?
4. We may get scientific value from reading, or literary value, or social value, or historic value; but none of these can take the place of the per-

sonal value we get, and that value can be known only through the enjoyment a selection affords us. Read this poem to enjoy it—its characters, its reminiscences, its eulogies, its pathos. The master, the farmer, the woodman, the preacher all speak to you. Greet them, and they will talk with you.

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO AMERICA

1. Upon what ground can the action of Lafayette in leaving friends and comfort and incurring the perils of war for an alien flag be justified?
2. When liberty is endangered anywhere, who are, of necessity, under obligation to defend it?
3. Suppose America had failed in the Revolution; what estimate would be placed by the world to-day upon the character of Lafayette?
4. To what extent do you sympathize with the honors heaped upon Lafayette by the people of the young republic?
5. How do you account for the deep-seated affection existing between Washington and Lafayette when there was such a disparity in their ages, their training, their attainments, their nationality? The lines of Kipling may help us to understand:

"For there is neither East nor West,
Border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

6. Could Lafayette, as he lay wounded at Brandywine, have had visions of such scenes as he witnessed fifty years later while journeying westward to the borders of the new republic?
7. What do you think were the feelings of General Lafayette as he visited the tomb of the Father of His Country at Mount Vernon?
8. The school children of America, on the suggestion of the American Consul at Paris, a few years ago sent to Paris enough pennies, nickels and dimes to furnish the material for a bronze statue of General Lafayette which was recently unveiled in Paris. Why was this done? Would they have made this contribution for any other European? If so, for whom?

THE MAGNANIMITY OF SALADIN

1. From what great novel is this selection taken? What is the historical significance of this story?
2. What is the author's obvious intention in passing such high compliment upon the Mohammedan chieftain?
3. If ever the brotherhood of man shall be established, upon what will it be based?
4. Enumerate the traits of character possessed by Richard the Lion Hearted which stand conspicuously as indices to his worth.
5. Since "It is more blessed to give than to receive," who was 'most blest, Saladin or Richard? What did each give?
6. Two Latin words—*magnus* and *animus*—are the basis of the word magnanimity. They mean, great-hearted. Saladin's magnanimity will be remembered by this couplet—

"If enmity to aught I show,
To be an honest, generous foe."

Memorize these lines.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

Act I

1. What lines in the opening speech of the play suggest that Shakespeare consciously or unconsciously mingled early English customs and ideas with those obtaining in ancient Rome?
2. Quote the first lines in the play revealing the attitude of Cæsar's dissatisfied subjects and suggesting the tragedy to come.
3. What is the first clear intimation that trouble will befall Cæsar on a certain day? Do you think many people to-day are wholly free from superstition?
4. Point out the first line in the play that contrasts the kind of man Antony was with the kind of man Brutus was.
5. What words would reveal the feelings of Cassius toward Cæsar as suggested by his description of his rescue of Cæsar from the Tiber and Cæsar's sickness in Spain? Do you think Brutus shared these feelings?
6. Contrast the nature of Antony with that of Cassius as both are revealed in Cæsar's speech to Antony about Cassius.

7. When Casca describes the rejection of the crown by Cæsar, do you gather that Cæsar really wanted to take it? What words show this?
8. What was Casca's feeling about the common people and the part they took in the scene? Quote expressions showing this attitude. In Shakespeare's own time how much respect and consideration were shown to the poor classes? How recently have labor and poverty become subjects of interest and helpful sympathy?
9. In the conspiracy against Cæsar, which of the two leaders supplied the craft and cunning and which the high name that glossed the deed with a show of honor?

Act II

1. What, throughout the scene, and later, is the attitude of Brutus toward his young attendant? Do you regard the character of Brutus as simple or complex? Why? Is he honest with himself in the reason he gives for killing his friend?
2. Brutus is shocked at the idea of taking an oath. Do you think Shakespeare means to suggest that he was a man who quibbled at words without refusing to do a dark deed or do you feel that Brutus was wholly sincere in this speech?
3. Does the picture of Cæsar's foibles and superstitions as drawn by Decius make you think of a desire expressed by Robert Burns in a couplet of verse often quoted?
4. Would Brutus have done well to place greater confidence in his wife?
5. Compare Portia's admonition of Brutus with Calpurnia's pleadings to Cæsar. Which do you regard as the stronger woman and why?
6. Do you regard Decius' speech to Cæsar urging him to go to the Capitol as clumsy or clever? Why?

Act III

1. Do you think Shakespeare did wrong to name the play *Julius Cæsar* when the character of this name dies in the third act? Do you think *Brutus* would have been a better name? Why?
2. How do you explain Antony's asking the assassins to shake hands with him?
3. What word occurs many times in the speech of Brutus to the populace?
4. Do you think it was wise in Brutus to go away and let Antony speak just as he chose?

5. Compare the speeches of Antony and of Brutus, and tell which you admire the more and why. Which one addressed himself to the reason of his hearers and which to their hearts? Which one, considering the character of his audience and the circumstances that had just taken place, was the more adroit and clever?
6. Compare the exclamations of the mob after hearing Brutus with those after hearing Antony. Compare the mob as Shakespeare pictured it with the mob of to-day.
7. What dramatic purpose does the third scene in this act serve in spite of the fact that no prominent characters are present?

Act IV

1. From the opening discussion do you foresee anything to suggest the future relation between Antony and Octavius? Why would Octavius naturally yield to Antony when they differ? Does he do so willingly?
2. In the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, which do you regard as being the more at fault? Why? Which makes the first and fullest effort to amend?
3. What treatment, as shown here, is generally accorded to self-appointed peacemakers by both of those whom they try to reconcile?
4. How do you explain Brutus' telling Messala he has had no word about Portia's death?
5. In what way does Julius Cæsar continue to dominate the play even after his death?

Act V

1. What inference as to the future harmony between Antony and Octavius do you draw from the discussion between them at the beginning of this act? Does Antony appear to realize that Octavius resents his taking authority into his own hands?
2. Does Brutus seem to you as strong in mind and as self-assured as in previous scenes? Cite two speeches to Cassius that suggest your answer.
3. How deep do you regard the affection between Brutus and Cassius in view of the parting which they take? Which of them feels it the more keenly? Tell why you think so.

4. Do you think guilt of conscience had anything to do with the determination of Brutus to take his life or do you feel that this was due purely to the dread of capture?
5. What can you say of the respect shown to his body by the victors? Whom do we regard more highly in consequence of this attitude?

NOTES

When a word has more than one meaning or is used figuratively, the definition given is the one that will aid in the direct interpretation of the text. The numbers given refer to the page in the text on which the word is found.

RIP VAN WINKLE

1. **Kaatskill**, the old Dutch spelling for "Catskill"; 2. **Peter Stuyvesant**, the last Dutch governor of New Netherlands (New York); 2. **termagant**, scolding; 3. **pestilent**, vexatious; 3. **patrimonial**, inherited; 4. **galligaskins** (gāl-lī-gās'-kīns), loose breeches, usually of leather; 6. **virago** (vī-rā'-gō), a scold; 7. **jerkin**, a jacket or short coat; 13. **phlegm**, stolidity; 13. **Babylonish jargon**, see Genesis XI.

A MOUNTAIN HUNT

24. **Beetling**, overhanging; 24. **snapple**, a bridle bit having a joint to be placed in the mouth, and rings and check pieces at the ends but no curb; 27. **plebeian**, inferior; 30. **vermilion**, red paint; 31. **lethargy**, stupor; 32. **pungent**, sharp; 32. **repartee** (rēp'ār-tē'), a ready and witty reply.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA

(P. T. Barnum served his fellow men in many ways other than merely to offer them a "show." In this last his was an exceptionally satisfactory service. He was a philanthropist; a financier; a philosopher. There was nothing selfish about a nature that would turn over to charity the proceeds of the first great concert.)

36. **Meyerbeer**, a famous German composer of the eighteenth century; 36. **Der Freischutz**, a celebrated opera by Weber; 38. **The Daughter of the Regiment**, Donizetti's best-known opera; 39. **Andersen**, famous author of children's stories, conspicuously of fairy tales; 43. **beau monde**, the fashionable world. New York has always striven to set fashion stand-

ards for other American cities. And in this she has always succeeded. Even quaint old Boston, and energetic Chicago, follow meekly the lead of Gotham in this particular. The theatrical artist has never won fame for himself until New York critics allow him good. Barnum well knew a New York success for his protégé meant nation-wide approval. 43. **parterre**, the pit of the theater—the parquet. Undoubtedly the author means the entire body in attendance. It may easily be inferred how such a tremendous reception, howsoever cordial in nature, would tend to unsettle the nerves of a strong man, even. Why wonder that a mere child, in a foreign land, should be temporarily disturbed? The wonder is that she could so easily regain her composure. 45. **roulades**, smoothly running passages of short notes sung to one syllable. Handel's oratorios abound in such.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

The author was born in New Hampshire in 1858, graduated from Brown University, became public librarian at Somerville, Massachusetts, published several volumes of verse, and died February 26, 1911. It is said he received his inspiration for this poem from an old New England farmer neighbor who, having a spring of cool water on his farm, piped it down to the roadway, constructed containers from which tired beasts could refresh themselves, also a fountain for the people, then often, in his enjoyment of the project which afforded so much comfort to tired wayfarers, seated himself near by under a shady tree and handed out ripe apples to all passers-by. The selection should be memorized, as it contains a liberal philosophy of life.

49. **Fellowless**, without fellows or human companionship; 50. **ban**, edict, curse.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION

April 23, 1789, was the date of Washington's arrival. The inauguration ceremonies occurred one week later. The Battery was at that time a fortified position at the foot of lower Broadway, near where the Customs House now stands. There are few more inspiring sights than that presented by an old ship of the line displaying the colors of all nations. The various flags, attached to small ropes, are hoisted along the larger cables which support

the masts; and the bright-colored emblems, together with hundreds of other miniature flags and pennants attached to every part of the rigging, give the ship the appearance of a great sea bird with its gaudy plumage fluttering in the breeze. John Jay later became the first chief justice of our great supreme court. He had rendered brilliant service as a foreign diplomat. Many other notable men waited Washington's coming. Hamilton, the renowned head of the artillery corps of the patriot army, was there—frequently in the presence of sturdy old Henry Knox—both of whom were to enter the cabinet of the new president. Thousands of patriot veterans honored the gathering. The pathos of the scene differed little from that of a few years before when the Father of His Country returned his sword to the Continental Congress. Grief from recollections of the great suffering endured for a cause nobly won was beneath the joy. The encroachments of years upon his physical strength doubtless prompted Washington to consider whether his duty to his country still further demanded his services, or whether he should not rather consider his personal comfort. He wisely gave his decision in favor of the young Republic. Broad ideas of simple democracy such as we know to-day had not taken firm hold on the people. In arranging a program suitable to the occasion naturally the people liken the ceremonies to those attendant upon the coronation of a king. It ought not to be inferred that Washington was incapable of dignified, forceful, literary expression. His private correspondence shows him to have been a master of brilliant diction and convincing logic. It has sometimes been suggested that Hamilton fashioned Washington's Farewell Address—one of the greatest state papers of all time; but there is no documentary evidence to support the contention. James Schouler, author of this selection, is a well-known American historian.

52. **Coxswain**, the steersman of a boat, a petty officer; 52. **propitiously**, favorably; 56. **transparencies**, pictures painted on thin cloth or glass to be viewed by natural or artificial light which shines through it; 57. **culling**, gathering.

JAMESY

Not all of Riley's poems were in verse. The selection here studied is quite as true poetry as many others of his justly famous verses. In the heart of many a street urchin runs a vein of chivalry and innate goodness which Riley seeks here to record. In the back alleys, on the obscure cor-

ner, in dirty box cars, within unthinkable apartments which are his only home at night, the irresponsible urchin—hailing from nowhere and going no place—presents a phase of city life both pathetic and interesting. Riley knew many such—loved them all. Jamesy's record is typical. Let this selection be read in silence two days before a word is said about it. Then let a pupil read it entire—still without a word of comment. The third day, discuss Jamesy—the teacher illustrating his traits as developed in the discussion by reading brief descriptions from the story. This is a real life story; do not destroy its character-building attributes by seeking to have irrelevant answers to immaterial questions.

58. **Trend**, bent, direction; 58. **acid**, bitter, sharp; 58. **chariness**, reluctant; 58. **stereotyped**, fixed, unchanged; 62. **fabrication**, invention, falsehood; 62. **comatose condition**, in a stupor; 62. **"unknelled,"** etc., from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, by Lord Byron; 63. **covert**, stolen; 71. **dereliction**, neglect, omission; 79. **behemoth** (bē'-hē-mōth), a large animal, probably the hippopotamus, described in Job XL. 15-24; 80. **squabby**, short and thick, like squab or young pigeon; 81. **luminous**, full of light; 82. **tumultuously**, wildly.

MONSEIGNEUR

98. **Monseigneur** (mōn-sēn'yēr), literally, "my lord," a title in France given to a person of high rank; 98. **hotel**, in France, the mansion or town residence of a person of rank or wealth; 98. **emulative**, envious; 98. **escutcheon**, the surface of a shield, on which armorial bearings are displayed; 99. **impressible**, sensitive; 99. **Merry Stuart**, Charles II; 99. **"the earth and the fullness,"** etc., an allusion to Psalms XXIV, 1; 100. **Notre-Dame** (Nō'tr-dām'), a famous cathedral in Paris; 100. **foisted**, forced; 101. **devotees** (dēv-ō-tē'), worshipers; 101. **cataleptic**, affected with catalepsy or fits; 102. **Monsieur** (mō-sēr'); 105. **marquis** (mār'-kwis); 108. **postilions**, men who ride on the first pair of horses drawing a coach, to guide them; 108. **impeachment**, reproach, calling to account; 108. **cinderous**, a word coined by the author; 109. **propitiate**, plead, soften; 113. **flambeau**, flaming torch; 115. **imperturbable**, incapable of being disturbed; 117. **ominous**, threatening; 118. **poniarded** (pōn'-yērd-ed), run through with a poniard or dagger; 119. **comportable**, consistent; 121. **culminating**, crowning; 122. **diabolic**, devilish.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

132. **Maledictions**, curses; 133. **refractory**, disobedient; 133. **concerto** (*kôn-sēr'tô*), a musical composition; 141. **Rhenish**, Rhine wine; 142. **effervescent**, bubbling; 142. **crucible**, melting-pot; 143. **pertinacious**, resolute to obstinacy; 147. **castellated**, having peaks and towers.

ENOCH ARDEN

158. **Down**, sandy tract; 158. **Danish barrows**, hillocks made by the early Danes; 158. **fluke**, the part of an anchor that fastens in the ground; 161. **osier**, a kind of willow; 162. **offing**, that part of the sea that is at a good distance from shore, the deep water; 165. **feverous**, a variant of feverish; 169. **garth**, an old form of yard; 169. **conies**, rabbits or hares; 170. **prone**, sloping; 171. **lithe**, limber; 171. **tawny**, a dull yellow brown; 172. **fain**, gladly; 175. **strowing**, a seldom-used form of strewing; 177. **convolvuluses**, a genus of plants with twining stems, like the bindweed; 180. **holt**, a woody hill; 180. **tilth**, ground that has been tilled; 185. **enow**, an old form of enough.

REPLY TO MR. CRAM

The eloquent speech here studied is from the famous Seneca Indian chief, Red Jacket. During the American Revolution he was a consistent friend of the British, fighting with all his influence every treaty for the cession of Indian lands to the United States government. During the War of 1812, however, he gave the Americans valuable information about British plans. In his last years he became a confirmed drunkard and vigorously opposed the introduction of education and religion among his people, though he had favored this step in earlier years. The strong religious nature of the Indians has frequently been noted by writers upon the habits of the aborigines. It appeared to have been based upon the conception of fear and not upon the idea of love. Certainly Red Jacket made a pertinent inquiry concerning religion. Strong men to-day ask the same question. The horrors of war have found their most violent expression in the religious wars of history. The whole life purpose of Jesus is found in the statement of the chronicler—"He went about doing good."

The Seneca chieftain "laid the ax at the root" of a great evil in his pertinent observation: "If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said."

MODJESKA

This noted Polish actress, after achieving renown upon the stage, died in 1911. Few examples offer a more striking illustration of the triumphs of self-sacrifice than does the life of Helen Modjeska. She had met with important successes, in a limited way, as a child and also as an adult actress prior to her coming to America. Frances Willard, in explaining her differences with the head of a college with which she was at one time connected, used to say: "When the immovable comes in contact with the indestructible, something must happen." It is not obstinacy, it is rather the fixed determination of an heroic soul to live.

193. **Exigencies**, emergencies; 193. **poignant**, painful; 194. **innate**, in-born; 196. **extraction**, descent; 198. **cues**, words memorized by an actor from the close of a speech preceding his own entrance and retained by him to remind him when to go on; 200. **knownothingism**, the doctrines of the know-nothings, a secret political organization existing in 1853-6, whose chief purpose was to keep foreigners out of this country by repealing the naturalization laws. The title rose from the habit of the members of the party answering "I don't know" when asked anything about the party. 200. **insular**, pertaining to an island, hence narrow; 201. **exotic**, foreign; 202. **Anglomania**, a mania for all things English; 202. **the Prince of Wales**, the late King Edward VII, ever the friend of struggling artists.

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

Voltaire died in March, 1778, in Paris. This wonderful eulogium was delivered in Paris in 1878, just following the return from Guernsey, whither Hugo had gone after his expulsion from Britain along with other French refugees who feared the wrath of Louis Napoleon. Victor Hugo has rendered here as fine a tribute, perhaps, as may be found in the annals of biography. The extreme of compliment reminds one of the studied attempt of Latin historians to deify the Cæsars. Hugo's extraordinary array of forceful factors challenges the admiration of every one. The

tribute to Voltaire's serenity in particular finds few parallels in all the realms of literature. The passages should be read and reread until the student catches the vision of the author, even though faintly. Hugo, driven from pillar to post because of abnormal political conditions, became a "swift witness" for Voltaire. History has not yet accorded him the exalted place at which the author here places him.

206. **Apogee**, culmination; 206. **Louis XIV**, whose court far outshone that of any other European monarch; 206. **Louis XVI**, grandson of Louis XIV, king of France during the Revolution, and guillotined on the charge of being an enemy to the French people; 208. **amnesty**, a general pardon; 208. **sanguinary**, bloody; 209. **Jean Jacques**. Hugo refers to Jean Jacques Rousseau (rōō'-sō), an eminent philosopher and writer, a radical reformer. 209. **Diderot** (dē'de-rō), another French philosopher and writer of radical utterance; 209. **Montesquieu** (mōn-tēs-kū'), a French writer of satire upon the manners, customs, political and religious institutions of his own age and country; 209. **phantoms**, spirits.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The author of this famous poem was an English poet and novelist born in 1728; he died in 1774. His best-known work in prose is *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a genial satire on English country life.

210. **Swain**, a young countryman; 210. **cot**, cottage; 210. **sleights**, tricks; 211. **bittern**, a wading bird of the heron species, with a peculiar call; 212. **rood**, a provincial English measure, the fourth part of an acre; 214. **fluctuate**, to move as a wave; 214. **forty pounds**, a little less than two hundred dollars; 216. **reverend champion**, soldier of Christ; 216. **boding**, fearing; 217. **the royal game of goose**, played with counters on a board divided into compartments, in some of which a goose was depicted; 218. **mantling**, spreading like a mantle; 219. **equipage** (ē'-quī-page), carriage; 220. **vistas**, distant beautiful views; 220. **gibbet** (jīb'-bēt), a kind of gallows; 221. **main**, sea; 222. **insidious**, slowly stealing; 222. **devastation**, desolation, laying waste; 223. **inclement**, unkind, rough.

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO AMERICA

In 1824-25. As set forth in the narrative, it was an event of exceptional interest to every American. Lafayette was the guest of the whole people.

More, perhaps, than in any other early happening, did the spontaneous good-will of all classes manifest itself. The great firmness of the young soldier must impress itself upon the admiration of all as extraordinary. Less determined natures would have recoiled from such an undertaking. Washington's personal invitation to Lafayette was all the text claims for it. At Mount Vernon a room was always kept ready for Lafayette's coming, be the hour announced or unannounced. This room is still furnished in the old mansion just as it was when it was occasionally occupied by the distinguished young patriot. The incident of Lafayette's meeting with Huger is thrilling in the extreme. Lafayette's ship had made landing in the mouth of a South Carolina river. Seeing a light glittering from a farm-house window (it was early in the evening), the sea-worn adventurers made their way to it. This was the home of Huger's father. Through the long evening the country child—a lad of tender years—heard with inexpressible delight Lafayette's recital of the incidents of the voyage. The child was profoundly impressed with the stranger friend of liberty. Years afterward, when Lafayette was a prisoner at Olmutz, Austria, in close confinement, and when the world had lost sight of him, Huger learned of it and journeyed to Austria to liberate him. Denied opportunity to see Lafayette, Huger contrived to slip to the distinguished prisoner a note with these words: "Compliments of Francis J. Huger. I trust you may read this with some warmth." Lafayette, surprised beyond measure at the note, and pondering upon its strange phraseology, decided to interpret it literally. He held it, when the guards were not alert, near the fire, whereupon, there appeared a detailed account of a plan for his liberation from the prison where he had been held for months with the whole world thinking him dead. Huger had used ink invisible except when heat was applied. The next day, when the guards took Lafayette out for a drive, for he was in frail health, the attempt was made by Huger to liberate him, but it failed. Both Lafayette and Huger were then incarcerated; but Huger's bold attempt disclosed to the world Lafayette's hiding-place, and his wife and daughters from Paris immediately joined him, sharing his cell with all its discomforts.

225. **Chimerical**, shadowy; 226. **retinue**, train; 228. **unsullied**, without blemish; 228. **convocation**, convention; 228. **Bastile**, an ancient and famous prison in Paris; 229. **sans-cullottes** (sănz' kū-lôt'), ragged fellows, a name of reproach given in the French Revolution to the extreme repub-

licans; 230. **cavalcade**, a formal march of horsemen; 233; **redoubt**, a small fort; 233. **marquee** (mār-kē'), a large field tent.

MAGNANIMITY OF SALADIN

Saladin was the leader of the Mohammedan armies opposing the Crusaders under Richard the Lion Hearted of England. Richard was perhaps the most remarkable monarch of his day, and one of the most brilliant of all time. He was noted for his physical and moral prowess. One can easily understand the impatience of a nature like Richard's, thus to be hindered by disease when the exigencies of the situation demanded every minute of his time. That Saladin could successfully resist Richard, as he was doing, nettled the iron man. Not infrequently did sovereigns meet death by poison at the hand of a pretended friend. Such cases are still reported in these days of limited monarchies.

241. **Insalubrious**, unhealthful; 242. **augmented**, increased; 243. **emir** (ē-mēr), an Arabian military commander; 243. **melee** (mā-lā), a confused conflict; 243. **atabals** (āt'ā-bāls), a kettledrum used by the Moors; 244. **recant**, revoke; 246. **coffers**, chests; 246. **byzants** (bīz ānt), a gold coin made at Byzantium.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

Act I

Scene I. 248. **without the sign**. There does not appear to have been any law to this effect in Elizabethan England or in ancient Rome. There were, however, sumptuary laws in England up to the reign of James I, requiring men to dress in accordance with their rank, and perhaps custom supplemented this by requiring that artisans should on working days show by clear external signs what trade they belonged to. 248. **naughty**, wicked or worthless; 249. **recover**, keeps up the metaphor, as it means "restore to health" as well as to mend; 250. **Lupercal** (lōō'pēr-cāl), a festival celebrated at Rome, February 15, in honor of Lupercus, the god who defended sheep against wolves.

Scene II. 250. **Antonius**, the Latin form of Antony; 250. **course**, the race through the city that took place at the festival of Lupercal; 251. **Ides**, in the ancient Roman calendar, the fifteenth of March, May, July and

October, and the thirteenth of the other months; 252. **By means whereof**, on account of which misunderstanding; 254. **our great ancestor**, Æneas was considered to be the ancestor of the Romans generally; 255. **Rome indeed**. Rome was pronounced like "room," which gives occasion to the play of words. 256. **That you do love me**, etc. I do not at all doubt your affection for me. 258. **marry**, a corruption of Mary, was an oath by the Virgin Mary; 258. **coronets**, according to Plutarch, "a diadem wreathed about with laurel; 258. **chopped hands**, cracked and scarred with manual labor; 259. **the falling sickness**, epilepsy, so called because those who have it suddenly fall down; 259. **we have**, etc. Cassius means that in a deeper sense, they have the falling sickness because they have fallen to the position of underlings. 259. **man of any occupation**, a workman; 259. **he spoke Greek**. Cicero knew Greek almost as well as his mother tongue. From the smile that followed his remark we may suppose it was one of the biting sarcasms for which he was famous.

Scene III. 261. **lion**. There was at the time in Rome many lions imported for the sports of the amphitheater. 262. **climate**, country; 262. **the thunder-stone**, an imaginary product of the thunder; 264. **hinds**, deer. The word also suggests the contemptuous meaning of "menial." 265. **fleering**, grinning, sneering; 265. **be factious**, form a party, be active; 265. **Pompey's porch**, one of the porches around the great stone theater built by Pompey; 265. **one incorporate to our attempt**, one united with us in our undertaking; 265. **prætor**, a civil magistrate among the ancient Romans; 266. **conceited**, imagined.

Act II

Scene I. 266. **Orchard**. In Shakespeare's time the word was used in the general sense of gardens. 267. **no personal cause**, in Act III, Scene II, "no private grief." On the contrary, Brutus had a strong personal cause for gratitude, as Cæsar spared his life after Pharsalia and made him governor of Cisalpine Gaul in 46 and city prætor in 44 B. C. 267. **Fashion it thus**. Brutus is trying to put such a construction on the deed as will satisfy his own conscience. 268. **exhalations**, meteors; 269. **brother**, for brother-in-law. Cassius married Junia, the sister of Brutus. 269. **moe**, more; 269. **their hats**. Ancient Romans of high rank generally went about bare-headed, but they would naturally cover their heads at this early hour of morning. 269. **if thou path, thy native semblance on**, if thou goest about

in thy true colors. Many nouns are used as verbs by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers. 270. **Here lies the east**, etc. Experience shows that men are inclined at a crisis to relieve their feelings by talking of the weather or such indifferent matters. 271. **cautelous**, crafty, deceitful; 272. **break with him**, communicate the plot to him; 272. **boldly but not wrathfully**. Brutus wished to preserve the calm feelings of sacrificing priests. 273. **let him not die**. Trebonius was a friend of Antony. 274. **unicorns may be betrayed with trees**. Spenser in the "Faerie Queene" tells how a unicorn (a fabled animal with one horn) charging a lion standing in front of a tree, misses the lion, which slips aside, and fixes its horn so firmly in the tree that it is at the mercy of its enemies. 275. **physical**, good for the health; 277. **thy**. The change from you to this pronoun, used only in moments of great feeling, shows how deeply the heart of Brutus is moved by the revelation of his wife's devotion. 277. **character**, etc. His sad brows are symbols which must be interpreted by revealing the thoughts they express. 277. **To wear a kerchief**, be ill. "Kerchief" has in Shakespeare the meaning of the French word *couvrechef* (covering for the head), from which it is derived.

Scene II. 278. **night-gown**, dressing-gown; 279. **hurtled**, clashed; 280. **afear'd**, an old form of "afraid"; 281. **statua**, an old variant of statue, pronounced as a trisyllable; 282. **hour's**, pronounced in two syllables; 283. **yearns**, grieves.

Scene III. 283. **lover**, friend; 283. **the teeth of emulation**, away from envy.

Scene IV. 284. **soothsayer**, literally truth-speaker, a prophet; 285. **void**, open; 285. **Brutus hath a suit**. For a moment Portia forgets the boy's presence and speaks out her inmost thought before him.

Act III

Scene I. 288. **Et tu, Brute!** This exclamation is given in the very words in which it is supposed to have been uttered, "Wilt thou too stab Cæsar?" 288. **Ambition's debt is paid**. Ambitious Cæsar has paid the penalty of his ambition, and no one else need fear us. 288. **pulpit**, a stage or platform from which to address an audience; 289. **bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood**. In this way all acknowledged in the most open way their responsibility for the deed. Pontius Pilate, when disclaiming responsibility

for the crucifixion, washed his hands in water. 290. **Pompey's basis**, the pedestal of Pompey's statue; 291. **my misgiving still**, etc. My doubts too often prove to be very near the mark. 291. **let blood**, a euphemism for "killed"; 291. **rank**, so overgrown that he requires to be cut; 292. **so pity pity**. Pity for Rome drove pity for Cæsar out of their hearts. 292. **of brothers' temper**. Brutus means that toward Antony they had no more malice than brothers had toward one another. 293. **lethe**, an illusion to Lethe (Lē'thē), the stream of oblivion; 293. **Mark Antony**. Cassius is impatient to know Antony's attitude toward the conspirators. 293. **prick'd**, marked by a puncture on a list; 294. **our Cæsar's death**. By "our" Brutus claims to be as much a lover of Cæsar as Brutus was. 295. **Ate** (ā'-tē), the Greek goddess of discord.

Scene II. 297. **censure**, in Shakespeare's time often meant merely to judge; 298. **Let him be Cæsar**. The crowd is so utterly insensible to the motives claimed by Brutus that they would reward him by exalting him to the very height of power which in Cæsar's case he had just condemned. 302. **the Nervii**, a fierce Belgian tribe conquered by Cæsar during one of his Gallic campaigns; 302. **The dint of pity**, its impression or influence; 304. **drachmas**, Greek coins, worth each about nineteen cents.

Scene III. 306. **bear me a bang**, I will owe you a blow; 306. **turn him going**, send him about, the other way.

Act IV

Scene I. 307. **unmeritable**, undeserving; 307. **business**, pronounce bus-i-ness; 307. **soldier**, pronounce sol-di-er.

Scene II. 309. **fall their crests**, an intransitive use, meaning "lower"; 310. **content**, be contained or restrained; 310. **enlarge your griefs**, set them forth in detail.

Scene III. 310. **nice offense**, minor disturbance; 312. **observe you**, be reverential to you; 313. **By any indirection**, crookedness, dishonesty; 313. **Cassius**, three syllables here; 315. **fashion**, a trisyllable here; 316. **her attendants absent**. It is said that Portia put burning coals into her mouth. 317. **once**, some time; 317. **our work alive**, the duty that we the living must do; 318. **niggard**, satisfy sparingly; 319. **knave**, boy, the old sense of the word.

Act V

Scene I. 322. **in their bosoms**, I know the secrets of their hearts; 322. **they could be content**, would be glad; 322. **fearful bravery**, gallant show; 322. **I do not cross you**, etc. Octavius forbears to cross Antony now, when union is necessary for victory, but with foresight of the coming struggle intends to do so at some future period. 323. **the Hybla bees**. Hybla was a town in Sicily, famous for its honey. 323. **If Cassius might have ruled**. If the advice of Cassius had been followed, they would not have met the enemy until a later date, and Antony would have been in such a hopeless position his language would have been more humble. 324. **A peevish schoolboy**. Octavius was in his twenty-first year at this time. 325. **held Epicurus strong**, held firmly the belief of Epicurus against omens and portents; 325. **ravens**, birds of ill-omen; 326. **Must end that work**. Brutus thinks that he will either be killed in battle or gain a glorious victory.

Scene II. 326. **bills**, written orders.

Scene III. 330. **Thassos** (thä'sōs), an island near Philippi.

Scene IV. 331. **Only I yield**, I yield only to die; 331. **There is so much**, so much money on condition the soldier will kill him immediately.

Scene V. 334. **smatch**, a form of smack; 334. **be still**. Brutus thinks that by dying he will succeed in laying Cæsar's ghost. 334. **Lucilius' saying**. See Scene IV, line 15. 334. **bestow thy time**, become my servant; 334. **prefer**, recommend.

A LIST OF BOOKS FOR HOME READING

We should accustom the mind to the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

SYDNEY SMITH.

ALCOTT, LOUISA M.	<i>Eight Cousins</i>
ALCOTT, LOUISA M.	<i>Jo's Boys</i>
BALDWIN, JAMES	<i>In My Youth</i>
BARRIE, JAMES M.	<i>Tommy and Grizel</i>
BARRIE, JAMES M.	<i>Life in a Country Manse</i>
BURBANK, LUTHER	<i>Life</i>
CATHERWOOD, MARY HARTWELL	<i>Lazarre</i>
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE	<i>The Deerslayer</i>
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE	<i>The Pioneers</i>
CRAIK, DINAH MULOCH	<i>The Little Lame Prince</i>
CULBERTSON, ANNE VIRGINIA	<i>At the Big House</i>
DANA, RICHARD HENRY	<i>Two Years Before the Mast</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Dombey and Son</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Oliver Twist</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Martin Chuzzlewit</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Bleak House</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Little Dorrit</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Great Expectations</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>Nicholas Nickleby</i>
DUMAS, ALEXANDER	<i>The Three Musketeers</i>
DUMAS, ALEXANDER	<i>Ten Years Later</i>
DUMAS, ALEXANDER	<i>Twenty Years After</i>
DUMAS, ALEXANDER	<i>The Count of Monte Cristo</i>
ELIOT, GEORGE	<i>Silas Marner</i>
FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS	<i>The Twelfth Guest</i>
HARTE, BRET	<i>Melons</i>
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL	<i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i>
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH	<i>Life of Longfellow</i>
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH	<i>Confident Tomorrows</i>

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . .	<i>Life of Emerson</i>
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . .	<i>Poetical Works</i>
HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN . . .	<i>Roman Holidays</i>
IRVING, F. B.	<i>Six Girls</i>
IRVING, WASHINGTON	<i>Bracebridge Hall</i>
IRVING, WASHINGTON	<i>History of New York</i>
IRVING, WASHINGTON	<i>Tales of a Traveler</i>
IRVING, WASHINGTON	<i>Life of Columbus</i>
IRVING, WASHINGTON	<i>Life of Washington</i>
JESSUP, HENRY	<i>The Best of Stevenson</i>
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE	<i>Country By-Ways</i>
KIPLING, RUDYARD	<i>Puck of Pook's Hill</i>
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	<i>Robert of Sicily</i>
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	<i>The Vision of Sir Launfal</i>
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	<i>The Biglow Papers</i>
MARRYAT, FREDERICK	<i>Mr. Midshipman Easy</i>
MUIR, JOHN	<i>Autobiography</i>
OLLIVANT, ALFRED	<i>Bob, Son of Battle</i>
PARKMAN, FRANCIS	<i>Rivals for America</i>
PORTER, JANE	<i>The Scottish Chiefs</i>
READE, CHARLES	<i>The Cloister and the Hearth</i>
ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE D.	<i>The Heart of the Ancient Wood</i>
ROSTAND, EDMUND	<i>L'Aiglon</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Autobiography</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Waverley</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Woodstock</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>The Monastery</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Tales of a Grandfather</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Marmion</i>
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	<i>Lay of the Last Minstrel</i>
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON	<i>Days in Venice</i>
SMITH, F. HOPKINSON	<i>Colonel Carter of Cartersburg</i>
STOCKTON, FRANCIS R.	<i>Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts</i>
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE	<i>Henry Esmond</i>
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE	<i>The Virginians</i>
THOMPSON, MAURICE	<i>Alice of Old Vincennes</i>
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND	<i>Cudjo's Cave</i>

A LIST OF BOOKS FOR HOME READING 363

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND . . .	<i>Neighbor Jackwood</i>
TWAIN, MARK	<i>Adventures of Tom Sawyer</i>
TWAIN, MARK	<i>Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>
TWAIN, MARK	<i>Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc</i>
TWAIN, MARK	<i>A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur</i>
VAN DYKE, HENRY	<i>Days Off</i>
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY . . .	<i>My Summer in a Garden</i>
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF . . .	<i>The Tent on the Beach</i>

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

1. Know your lesson—both its literary possibilities and its technical difficulties.
2. Know your class—both as children whose lives are to be affected for good by the inspiration they are to receive through this lesson with you, and as readers with varying powers to interpret the printed page.

The reading lesson should be a social exercise. Children who are ready for *The Sixth Reader* have acquired much power in independent study, and they should come to the recitation prepared to contribute individually and abundantly to the pleasure of the whole class. Such a result is possible when the teacher throws upon each member of the class all the responsibility he can carry.

Children are able and are delighted to do far more than is usually permitted. Let them, as far as possible, plan the lesson, ask the questions, make the criticisms. Insist upon large, suggestive, helpful criticism. You are working for power, not information. Do not become discouraged if the children's questions are not so good as yours the first week or the second; and above all, do not think you are wasting time. Train the children to ask keen questions, to pass by the nine unimportant ones and to ask the tenth pertinent one. In less time than you realize the pupils will be demanding of one another clarity of thought and good expression beyond anything that you could get. The cause is the child's self-activity.

It would seem, therefore, that the teacher should become a trainer of teachers of reading. To do this she herself must be able to read, to sense the lesson in all its literary values, and to get corresponding responses from her class. Five books especially helpful in such work are, Hinsdale's *Teaching of the Language Arts and Art of Study*; Chubb's *The Teaching of English*; Baker, Carpenter and Scott's *The Teaching of English*, and Carson's *The Voice and Spiritual Education*.

Reading lessons fall into two types, extensive and intensive—sight reading and study reading. The division is based on the difficulty of the text, not on any inherent difference in the nature of the selections. A lesson that would be extensive reading for *The Sixth Reader* pupil would, in all probability, be intensive reading for *The Fifth Reader* one. The child should have both kinds of work, for through one he acquires facility in expression, and through the other power to get deeper thought.

Little need be said on extensive reading. It should be pure pleasure. The teacher may seat herself among the children, who, with books closed, listen to several read in turn from *Rip Van Winkle*, or who dramatize a selection.

Intensive reading is the test of the teacher. There is no limit to the artistic skill she may put forth. A few general principles may be in place.

The selection should be presented as a whole to the class before they begin to analyze it. This can be done by assigning it to be read during several study periods and reproduced orally in outline. Following this study of the whole will come the study of the larger literary units included, such as, in *Enoch Arden*, the childhood of Enoch, Annie and Philip; the married life of Enoch and Annie; Annie's life alone; the life of Annie and Philip; Enoch's years of waiting on the lonely island; Enoch's return home, his abnegation and death. After the study of the large units should come the close consideration of the single sentence.

In such a selection as *Julius Caesar*, the pupils should be questioned not only on the allusions explained in the notes, but upon their own interpretation of such passages as the one beginning

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

Do not spoil the child's pleasure in a selection by over-emphasizing the study of individual words. The connotation of words is a matter of gradual acquirement and children can not grasp at once all the finer shades of meaning in a masterpiece.

The child's constructive imagination should constantly be appealed to. Ask him, for instance, to give in his own words the portraits in *The Deserted Village* of the schoolmaster and the parson.

Great opportunity for developing the child's taste is afforded in the home reading lists. There is no substitute in this matter for personal interest on the part of the teacher. One good way to interest children in a book is to read to them a part of the story. The book can then be lent over night to some child who will tell to the class the next day what he has read. The teacher may continue for a few moments the reading of the story that the class shall again feel the author's power and style and the book then be given to another child for further report.

Clear-cut enunciation, erect bearing, the light falling properly on the book, are matters that should need no comment.









